

Saturday Night

Canada's Magazine of Business and Contemporary Affairs

MARCH 18TH 1961

20 CENTS



“EXODUS”: Facts Twisted Into Fiction

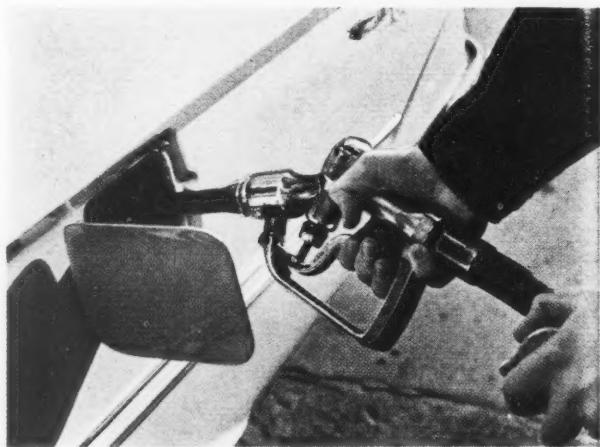
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Saturday Night

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INSIDE STORY

THE COVER: Former inmates of British-controlled detention camps on Cyprus leave the Israeli ship *Pan York* at Haifa.

The daily life of every Jewish person in every quarter of the world is still haunted by the spectre of fear that was born out of mistreatment of their race in World War II Nazi terror camps. A manifestation of this fear is the success of a popular novel entitled *Exodus*. But does *Exodus* mirror the truth? In the opinion of **Charles de Verteuil**, a former staff officer in the British Regular Army stationed in Cyprus during the recent Israeli-Arab unrest, it does not, and beginning on page 9 **de Verteuil** contradicts with fact some of the many discrepancies sprinkled through *Exodus* which he asserts make it a larger work of fiction than even its publishers advertise.

The turbulent wind of "revitalization" that is blowing through Washington is an attempt on the part of **President John Fitzgerald Kennedy** to create the role adopted by **Roosevelt** during his first 100 days in office. In two articles on pages 13 and 16 his chances for success are assessed. **Kenneth McNaught** advances a Canadian appraisal of Mr. Kennedy and his policies, while from the other side of the border, **Anthony West** ponders the effect of Kennedy's new broom tactics on the old political dust.

The recent audacious commandeering of the liner *Santa Maria* served to focus the spotlight of world attention on Portugal and the government of **Antonio de Oliveira Salazar**. **Donald Gordon** reviews the history of Salazar's grasp on his country and concludes that even in his role as dictator, there's a persuasive case to justify the aging Dr. Salazar and his donnish regime.

Elsewhere, **J. D. Morton** ponders about the conscience of the rich . . . **Beverley Nichols** shudders mildly at the pink blood being shed in the war between Britain's women's magazines . . . **Raymond Rodgers** outlines the cases for the Pro-Cons and the Pro-Canadians . . . and **Mary Lowrey Ross** offers a pungent opinion of Clark Gable's final performance before Hollywood's cameras.

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Letters

Return to Moderation

During World War II, the noted American philosopher-mathematician Morris R. Cohen wrote:

"We are adopting the things that made our enemies powerful, and incidentally the things that made them our enemies. The first result of any war is that the adversaries exchange vices. Our danger is that we shall copy the militarism that corrupted Germany and Japan."

The late Professor Cohen ranks as one of America's wisest and noblest minds. His brilliant teaching career took him to such diverse and distinguished institutions as Columbia, CCNY, Chicago University, Yale, Harvard, Johns Hopkins and Stanford.

Professor Cohen died not long after expressing this prophetic view. What he feared has overtaken the United States. Never in the history of the world, in fact, has any nation committed itself to such extensive and far-flung military preparations.

American defense expenditures are now running at the unprecedented rate of \$50 billion per annum. The USA is maintaining 1400 military bases and installations in 36 foreign countries. The U.S. Central Intelligence Agency is operating a vast secret service network employing thousands of agents around the globe.

While the new American Government is reappraising policies, this would be an opportune time for Canadian diplomacy to call tactfully on the United States for a return to moderation.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

CYRUS EATON

Discount Stamps

I cannot allow the Point of View of Mr. Tom Proctor [SN Feb. 18] to pass without comment.

He says, and quite rightly, "No other 'device' of modern merchandising has caused so much controversy." ('Device' according to the dictionary is a scheme, and often a scheme to deceive. What an apt choice of words.) Therefore, it is questionable whether Discount Stamps can be accepted as fair advertising practice. The reason that Stamps, whether they be Discount or Trading, are controversial is that

neither the retail merchants, nor the customers, want them. The merchants say that the introduction of Stamps means increased staff, which in turn means increased prices, which in turn reduces by a considerable margin the amount of increased profit Stamps were supposed to induce.

It is common practice to employ a variety of sales promotion techniques, to secure repeat business. In that event, I contend that this is not fair advertising practice. Rather unwarranted pressure is being placed on the customer. She has already purchased the goods she wanted; if she is satisfied with their quality, she will return to the same store to repeat her purchases, not because she has received a dividend coupon in the form of a lot of sticky pieces of paper, but because she is again in need of groceries. The reason she goes back now to redeem the Stamps is that she has already *bought* and paid for them, and she cannot afford to throw away the money she has already been forced to invest.

The argument that the goods available as premiums contribute directly to the Canadian economy is, to say the least, a specious argument. If the customer is in the market for a percolator, a pair of pillows, a toy or a fry pan, she will buy them when she is ready and able to do so. She does not need the blandishments of a Stamp Company to induce her to do so. She herself therefore, *by her purchases*, contributes to Canadian employment.

By suggesting that criticism of Stamps is a thinly veiled attempt to dispense with all advertising, Mr. Proctor is in error. No one suggests that all advertising is bad and should be dispensed with, but that advertising should be controlled, no one can gainsay. Everyone knows that advertising costs have to be concealed somewhere in the cost of merchandise. The criticism of Stamps, therefore, is aimed in part at the additional cost being levied on products that are already being advertised.

Even the most elementary observer can see that the Ad Man is taking over to the detriment of the product. Advertising is becoming an end in itself. And let me remind Mr. Proctor that advertising can be boring; it can and does on occasion skirt the truth; and it can be self-defeating. And in the

case of Stamps it can be a downright nuisance as well as an economic imposition. To compare Discount Stamps to parking lots, price tags, and door-to-door vending is slightly ridiculous. There is no analogy.

To say that the shopper still retains the right to shop where she chooses is begging the question. No one wants to, or should have to, run all over the place looking for the fugitive store without Stamps, especially if it happens to be the store farthest away from one's place of residence.

The Supreme Court of Canada has not yet declared Stamps illegal. Neither presumably is it illegal to establish a Discount Stamp Company such as the one of which Mr. Proctor is General Manager. Neither, says Mr. Proctor wistfully, does it throw open the flood gates for the wider use of Stamps in Canada.

Why? Because Stamps are costly. Stamps are a nuisance. Stamps do not add one iota to the flavor in a pound of coffee. Stamps do not add one smidgin of quality to the grocery shelf. Stamps are strictly negative.

Yes, Mr. Proctor, Discount Stamps are the Black Sheep of the Advertising fraternity.

LACHINE, P.Q.

B. LAMB

Singing Stars

Letter writer Harcourt Roy gives the impression of living in a modern-day ivory tower when he berates Giselle McKenzie, Joyce Sullivan and U.S.-born Bob Goulet for "cheapening themselves" by singing commercials.

Where does he think the TV industry would be without the sponsor who must market his wares in order to stay in business? One way of marketing is to persuade people that stage, screen and TV stars dole on the sponsor's product and that because they do so it is necessarily a good product. This doesn't follow, but logic and common sense have never lived in the same bedroom as advertising.

It is charitable of Mr. Roy to "tolerate hucksters" because in earning their own "grocery money" they also contribute mightily to the pay cheques of those who help make the product. Obviously, the more goods that are sold the more people there are in full-time

employment. In the present situation I would insist that this was a social good.

To say that "no one takes them seriously" is to display monumental ignorance of the whole art of merchandising and sales promotion. As insidious as so many "commercials" are, it happens that they *do* sell goods. As nauseating as most of them are, they help move things off shelves.

Actors and singers are used to acting and singing for their supper, and it happens that "commercials" pay off handsomely (in the case of one man whose only value is a smooth, smooth delivery this adds up to over \$100,000 a year).

The number of viewers who have learned to shut their minds to "commercials" and the trash that passes for entertainment (including westerns) are so few and far between as to ensure a profitable future for all hucksters. They're with us to stay, Mr. Roy.

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

F. R. VARELLA

Pitch Men Actors

Your correspondent Harcourt Roy (Feb. 18 issue) is right in objecting to singing commercials performed by Canadian TV stars. He might have added the advertising blurbs on both radio and TV, spoken by Canadian actors and commentators employed by the CBC.

CALGARY

D. R. P. COATS

Time to Task

I receive regularly a copy of SATURDAY NIGHT sent to me by my son who is at present living in Florida. I also receive from the same source regular copies of *Time*.

I have been very interested in the articles about *Time*. It is right and proper to try and curb *Time*'s pernicious twist to world news.

Recently I was in hospital and one of the nurses was from Nigeria. She was in her third year and no nurse gets that far unless she is reasonably intelligent. This particular nurse was one of the best in the ward. While in hospital I received a copy of *Time* which featured Nigeria. So I naturally passed it on to this Nigerian nurse and asked her for her comments. Next day she stopped at my bed, "That *Time* article. Lies, all lies" and she fairly spat it out. So it would seem Canada is not the only country suffering from *Time*'s twisted reporting.

Certainly *Time*'s reporting of affairs

Pleasure ISLAND!



Your Cunard liner is a floating pleasure island — yours to roam at will and enjoy at leisure. From the moment you step aboard, your Cunarder becomes home, hotel, theatre, club and playground — treasure house for a myriad pleasant memories in years to come. Whether on a cruise or business trip, with Cunard you'll make new friends, see new sights, yet always feel at home.

CUNARD offers a varied round of amusements—movies, dancing, and the unique shipboard fun met only at sea. For relaxation you'll

discover several thousand feet of deck space, plenty of room to savour the ocean breeze, take the sun or curl up with a favourite book. Plan now to satisfy that yearning for Europe . . . for that trip to the tropics . . . around the North Cape . . . or the exciting 95-day voyage around the world. From the great Queens to luxury cruise liners, CUNARD has the ship for the most pleasurable trip of your life.

See your local agent

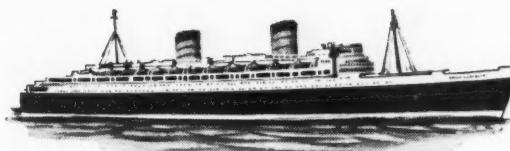
**Enquire about the new Cunard Pay-Later plan —
the budget way to make your travel dreams come true**

Getting There is Half the Fun!

GO CUNARD

OFFICES AT:

Montreal • Halifax • Saint John
Quebec • Toronto • Winnipeg
Edmonton • Vancouver



QUEEN ELIZABETH • QUEEN MARY • MAURETANIA • CARONIA
SYLVANIA • CARTHIA • IVERNIA • SAXONIA • PARTHIA • MEDIA



"Our folks are giving a party"

It's no problem to please guests who like Scotch Whisky. Just serve 'Black & White'. It's a *superb* Scotch, famous the world over for its distinctive character and unvarying flavor.

The Secret is in the Blending

Black & White Scotch Whisky is blended by expert craftsmen from a selection of Scotland's finest individual whiskies. It has all the distinction and gentleness of Scotch at its very best . . . smooth, mellow, satisfying. You'll always choose right if it's 'Black & White'. Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland. Available in several sizes.

By Appointment
to Her Majesty The Queen



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

'BLACK & WHITE'
SCOTCH WHISKY
"BUCHANAN'S"

5211

in the Old Country are hopeless. For instance, do they give credit to the Rolls Royce Jet engine without which half their planes wouldn't be in the air?

Why they even tried to pinch the credit for penicillin in a recent article.

As for their reporting of French affairs, I should think de Gaulle will ban their periodical shortly.

And their recent articles on Kenya, Uganda and Somaliland just stink.

Before *Time* is so quick to criticize other nations' conduct in controlling the affairs of native countries, perhaps they should show the South how to control their colored problem.

I find your periodical very interesting though I could smack Beverley Nichols occasionally. Still, we don't all see alike.

KENT, ENGLAND E. J. G. JACKSON

The New Party

As a subscriber to SATURDAY NIGHT (five years paid in advance), I would like to put the record straight regarding the attacks being made against our C.C.F. government and the New Party.

Only those of us who lived here under thirty-four years of Liberalism which left our province far behind the others, know how much we owe to Mr. Douglas. Now we have not only caught up in roads, power, water and sewers to small towns and farms, also natural gas to every city, town, etc., but we have led the way in hospitalization and finally shoved the two old parties into adopting a national hospitalization plan which they previously said could not be done.

Most politicians, like editors of magazines, are content to go along with the herd. It is much easier to be a conformist. But Tommy Douglas is not a conformist. What other politician would take on the powerful and well heeled Medical Association like Douglas did here in Saskatchewan? And now he has scored a decisive victory for his medical plan. We find both the Conservatives and the Liberals trying to out-do each other and get their plan before the people. But again it was Douglas who led the way.

If one little government like Saskatchewan can do these things against the powerful odds we have fighting against us, you can rest assured with Douglas leading the New Party the little people all over Canada can take new hope and no powerful or unfair propaganda can or will blind them to their right as a Canadian citizen.

REGINA

R. JOHNSON

SATURDAY NIGHT

Comment of the Day

Tribal Europe

THE TROUBLE in the Congo is basically tribal. But when Eric Sevareid, CBS's star news commentator, says that African nationalism is merely tribalism through a loud speaker, he shows the kind of over-simplification with which all too many commentators have approached the same subject.

Independence, whether in the Congo, Ghana or the Cameroons, means that every negro of education, however basic, is in line for a government job. No wonder then that every tribal leader tries to get the top job. And if he can't be Premier of the whole of his newly independent country, he will want to split the spoils so that he can still be boss in his own section.

In Canada we surely should understand this better. Our confederation saw to it that the separate sections of the country could retain their own perquisites as well as be in line for the top federal appointments. If we don't think it odd that Prince Edward Island with a total population of 100,000 has a Lieutenant Governor (with complete staff), a Supreme Court, a full Cabinet and complete parliamentary machine plus a civil service, why should we think it odd that people like Gizingha, Kasavubu and Tshombe want to retain their own power?

We must remember, too, that it is our own European idea of nationalism which is now being worked out in Africa. If the Africans read European history a little more closely than we do (and they probably do, being so new to it), they will find every justification for their continued sectional strife.

For in looking at troubled Africa, the West should remember that it is less than 100 years ago that Germany became a unified nation, a period of time in which Italy also emerged as one. In between the wars the Balkans were in just the same turmoil, on the same racial, tribal basis, as Africa now is. The petty sectionalism of 19th century West Europe passed, at the beginning of the 20th century, into East Europe, and since the second World War has found a congenial home in the Middle East. There is no wonder then that it has now debouched into Central Africa.

What is more, a re-reading of European and Middle Eastern history over

the past 100 years will show that centralization can only come when everybody is good and ready for it. Often such readiness has been the end result of national exhaustion after bloody civil war.

This may not be a counsel of hope. But it is not one of despair either. Human nature is remarkably the same whether the human be black or white. In the end, people living in almost the same environment and with something of the same tradition will work out a *modus vivendi* for themselves. But no outsider, with whatever moral sanction from the UN or any other place, can really do it for them. We should realize this and stop getting our fingers burned.

London Conference

PITY THEM, and tolerate;
Show you are a sport;
Easy on the Fascist state;
Bear with Mr. Swart.

Don't be hasty; lenient be;
Thoughts of hatred stifle;
View Verwoerd with charity—
Spoil him just a trifle.

Rash decision could involve
Serious mistake;
Ere this conference dissolve,
Give them all a break.

Granted they've been rough on blacks:
Who are we to holler?
And what right have we to wax
Hot beneath the collar?

Immigration we espouse
Fraught with reservation;
Tack a label on our House:
"Race Discrimination."

four inches of snow in about 12 hours.

The city authorities knew that the storm was coming; it came slowly; there was no panic, there was no question of fallout and there were no fires. But even this storm, with a disruptive power that was infinitesimal compared with an atomic bomb, left the city completely paralyzed.

- Mayor Drapeau made a statement on television asking people to cooperate with each other, and urging all the welfare agencies to get to work. But since there was no electric power in many homes, and so no TV or radios were working, very few people heard him.

- Four police stations were without power and therefore could organize very little even though they had all their men called out.

- All Protestant schools were closed for two days.

- The C.P.R.'s train schedules were so completely disrupted that not a single CPR car left Montreal from Saturday midnight through Sunday noon.

- Hundreds and thousands of people were without heat, could not cook and were so improvident themselves about light that in Westmount a police cruiser went from door to door distributing candles.

The situation in Toronto during Hurricane Hazel was even more disastrous.

This being so one is entitled to enquire of the government just what on earth our civil defence money is going into? Is there any education of the public going on? Is no city in this country prepared for even a minor disaster such as a heavy snow storm? Do we have to spend hundreds of millions of dollars on a polar radar warning line when there is obviously no system to receive that warning?

There is no doubt about it that the kind of conventional bombing raid made on London or Berlin or Tokyo in the last World War would knock out Montreal and Toronto still. What an atomic bomb would do only the liveliest imagination can envisage.

The plain facts of the matter are that we cannot defend ourselves against an enemy who tries to cross our borders, nor against the bombs which, some hour or so later, he would drop on our cities. Isn't 25 per cent of our total federal budget (plus other revenue

VIC

Storm Warning

WE HAVE SPENT billions of dollars on defence in the past 30 years and at least 100 million on civil defence. What little we have got for our military defence spending everybody in Canada now realizes. But how completely disorganized we are for civil defence was certainly realized by Montrealers last month. A storm which swept into the area from the New England States on the last Sunday in February dropped nearly an inch of freezing rain and



British Canada's First Unofficial Coin...



After Canada was ceded to Great Britain in 1763, little effort

was made to supply North American currency. In 1815, Sir Isaac Coffin, holder from Great Britain of the freehold of the Magdalen Islands, issued his own copper pennies—the first unofficial coins circulated in British Canada.

Canada's First Real Money

Canada's first real money, in the form of bank notes, was issued by the Bank of Montreal—Canada's first bank—when it opened its doors for business on November 3, 1817. Later, the bank provided copper coinage. With the passing of the Currency Act in 1841, B of M coins became recognized legal tender of Canada.



BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank

SD274

from provincial and municipal taxes) a high price to pay for utter-military unpreparedness and total civil defence incompetence?

Frontier or Boundary?

WHAT PRESIDENT KENNEDY means by being on the "new frontier" and what the rest of the Western alliance thinks he means are not necessarily the same thing. Speaking at the Cleveland Council on World Affairs recently, Mr. Georges Wolf, Washington correspondent of *Agence France-Presse*, said if Europeans translated it literally it meant that Kennedy was setting up a new "border". Now borders, he pointed out, have caused such trouble in Europe for the last 50 years that the French especially can't get out of their minds the sneaking fear that Kennedy's new frontier may be yet another line of demarcation, symbolic of an inflexibility which can only mar world politics, not mend them.

The reaction of the American audience to this suggestion showed that they had never thought of it, nor had they thought of yet another semantic aspect which another panelist mentioned. A Canadian, he suggested that the American frontier had always been (as in *Gunsmoke* and *Wanted—Dead or Alive*) a place for violent action, a place where things were seen only in terms of black and white, never in terms of gray.

This interpretation has interesting implications too for Mr. Kennedy and his administration. Obviously there are some North Americans who are frightened that Mr. Kennedy's energy and youth will want to settle everything in the next four years with a bang if nothing else will do. Yet the unification of Germany is maybe not going to come within the lifetime of Mr. Kennedy, let alone that of his administration. Many of the major questions now at issue between the West and the communists are likely to be solved only by time and endless negotiation.

It behoves Mr. Kennedy and his administration to make it clear that the new frontier for them implies a new area of flexible and hopeful negotiations, different from the scarred battlefields of last year's summit. It is also to be hoped that they will convince their allies on this new frontier that Mr. Kennedy intends to be more sensitive to human affairs than Mat Dillon or Wyatt Earp or, for that matter, than Mr. Eisenhower.

Education Spiral

THE REPORT by the Principal of McGill University for the academic year 1959-

1960 is commendably brief. Excluding the statistics it takes up only 20 small pages of an attractive little booklet. But it still packs a wallop for anyone interested in the continuing problem of providing education of the standard we must have if Canada is to be the country it should be.

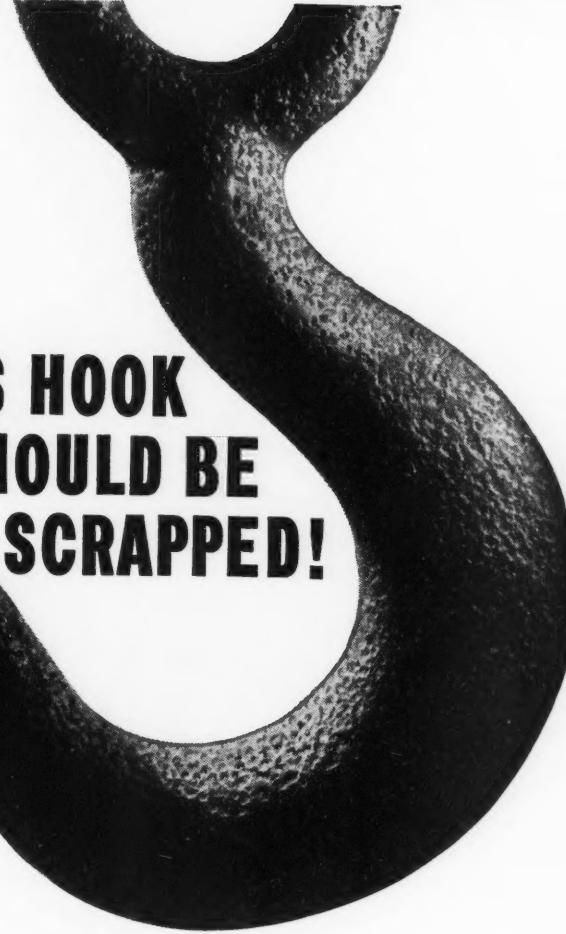
The real meat of the report is contained in the following comparative figures: student enrollment in 1939 was just over 3,000; in 1959 it was nearly 8,000. The teaching staff had, in this same period, increased from 545 to 1,128, but the salaries of the teaching staff and wages of the maintenance staff had increased from 1.3 million dollars to 9.1 millions. While this enormous increase occurred the endowments had only increased fourfold, and the percentage return on them, of course, had remained steady.

Dr. Cyril James pointed out that, during this period of 20 years, McGill has been able to expand at a rate only slightly higher than the growth in student population, but in the next "three to five years it must face a further expansion of between one-third and one half if the larger student population already envisaged is to have educational opportunities as good as those available today." He went on: "Suffice it to say that the total cost of the additional buildings requested by the Faculties to provide for the number of students who should be admitted to McGill during the next five years exceeds forty-five million dollars, i.e. more than the balance sheet figure of \$35,380,778 which represents *at original cost* all of the land, buildings and equipment that the University has acquired in almost a century and a half."

Sufficient, indeed, to say that. And it shows how we must, as we have said so often, get serious about our education problems before they become too big for a solution which is consonant with our position in the world.

South Africa's Needle

SOMEONE in the Prime Minister's office has recently had *The Union of South Africa The Development of its Laws and Constitution* out on loan from the Parliamentary Library. If it was Mr. Diefenbaker himself, doing his homework for the imminent Commonwealth Prime Ministers' meeting, he must have had somewhat of a jolt. For when the book talks about South Africa's constitution it states categorically that South Africa had Canada clearly in mind when it rejected a federal constitution. Federalism, it says, emphasizes "local jealousies and differences". Needling comment to come across just after a Dominion-Provincial tax conference in Ottawa.



THIS HOOK SHOULD BE SCRAPPED!

unless the engineers and
workmen who use it know their job

BRIDGE & TANK men know what they're doing! Next time you have a steel problem, anywhere in Canada — be it bridge or boiler, tank or tower, pressure vessel or pipeline, let BRIDGE & TANK solve it for you.

THE BRIDGE AND TANK TEAM— A VERSATILE LINE-UP

BRIDGE & TANK WESTERN LTD. (Winnipeg, Man.) — Bridges, tanks, boilers, structural steel.

HAMILTON BRIDGE DIVISION (Hamilton, Ont.) — Bridges, tanks, structural and warehouse steel.

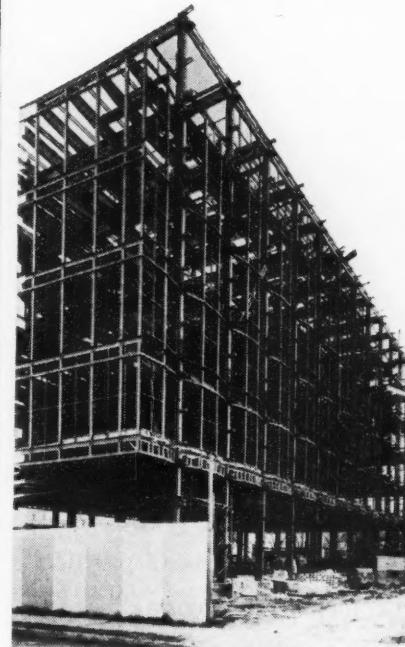
RHEEM CANADA LTD. (Hamilton, Ont.) — Metal drums, kegs, transformer cases, hot water heaters.

VULCAN MACHINERY & EQUIPMENT LTD. (Winnipeg, Man.) — Contractors and Construction Equipment.

VULCAN, FORD-SMITH LTD. (Hamilton, Ont.) — Aerial tramways, cableways and chairlifts. Contractors Equipment.

THE FORD-SMITH MACHINE CO. LTD. (Hamilton, Ont.) — Grinding and sanding equipment, hydraulic lifts, custom machine work.

Bridge & Tank Western in Action



Monarch Life Assurance
Company

**Bridge
& Tank**

COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

4512-B-1



A PRAIRIE BRANCH MANAGER TALKS CROPS "IN THE FIELD".

The Royal Bank manager "gets the picture"

...because he sees your business from both sides of his desk. This manager is looking at farming from the farmer's point of view, so while he is trained in banking, he is getting to know a good deal about farming as well. He puts the two together in finding how his bank can best fit into his customer's day-by-day needs. This lively interest and practical approach is typical of Royal Bankers — and appreciated by Royal Bank customers everywhere.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
The bank with 1,000 front doors



Jewish refugees file aboard ship to complete another stage in their journey from detention camps to a true homeland.

“Exodus” Is Only Half the Story

by Charles de Verteuil

THE JEWS ARE A frightened people. Every Jewish person, in whatever part of the world he might be, has been affected to some degree by the tattoo marks of Auschwitz, Belsen and the other Nazi terror camps. That is why a Zionist friend of mine told me recently that while integrating with the people amongst whom you live is all very well, the Jewish people must be on guard all the time.

And yet, paradoxically, in the Middle East where I met, befriended, and was closely associated with hundreds of Jewish people who had escaped from the death camps of Nazism, I was astonished to meet a lack of hatred and bitterness by those who had been through the agony. They had seen life naked, wanted to forget. Perhaps in the turmoil of those outrageous atrocities they had looked for an instant into the abysmal and twisted depths of human nature; understood profoundly the terrible significance of those last words uttered by the greatest of all Jews: ". . . forgive them, for they know not what they do."

A very interesting manifestation of this race fear is the success of

a popular novel entitled *Exodus*. The film of this book has just been released and is doing very well; the theme from it is the top popular tune of the day; the total sales of the book now amount to 4,000,000 copies.

On the jacket of the hard-cover edition there is a picture of the author Leon Uris leaning against a tank decked out in all the accoutrement of war. He looked so tough that I was almost impelled to reach for my tin hat. However, on reading the caption I relaxed; he was "with a patrol in the Negev Desert" some ten years after the real fight for life had ended. But as for hatred and bitterness, it is thickly packed into what amounts to a wail of agony lasting more than six hundred pages.

The prelims of this novel say "Most of the events in *Exodus* are a matter of history and public record. Many of the scenes were created around historical incidents for the purposes of fiction.

"There may be persons alive who took part in events similar to those described in this book. It is possible therefore that some of them may

be mistaken for characters in this book . . . "

That is why, no doubt, I found myself easily identifiable as one of the many nefarious British characters stampeding through this book, for, in my own small way, I was a part of that fragment of history as a British officer on the General Staff based in the Middle East during those momentous years when the Palestine Mandate ended and Israel was born. It is quite clear that Uris had no personal experience of these events whatsoever, but travelled in Israel years later when all was relatively peaceful.

The ironical part of the whole performance, therefore, is that this book which purports to espouse the Jewish cause does it in the end a great deal of harm. By attributing such inhumanity and cruelty to the British, the author compels those in true possession of the facts (like myself) to put the record straight. This will tend to discredit the whole cause and invalidate some of the constructive and positive features in it. One doesn't want to be too critical of an author who, after all, has written a piece of fiction which has



British officer assists civilians injured in bombing of Jerusalem army club.

sold well and made money. Furthermore, one is not estimating the worth of a serious contribution to literature. One could quickly and accurately dismiss the book as a lurid Jewish Wild Western. But since millions without the knowledge to test the truth have read these distortions, half-truths, and torturing of facts as reliable history, one must make the effort. Besides, I personally object to being identified as a crazed and rapacious British officer running wild among innocent and helpless Jews in the Middle East.

Very simply, the main argument upon which Uris hangs his wholesale and biased attacks on the British is this: Palestine has always been the rightful home for the Jews; the British promised that it would be again; and then, in a time of dire need, not only did they fail to keep their promise but turned back persecuted thousands from their rightful homeland.

Now this British promise hinges on the author's dishonest interpretation of the Balfour Declaration. On page 257 Uris quotes the first part of this Declaration. Here it is:

His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object.

Uris then comments — "Thus was born the Balfour Declaration, the Magna Charta of the Jewish people!" But he very conveniently leaves out the next vital paragraph in which the British specifically promise also to protect the interests of the Arabs. Here is a flagrant piece of typical fact-twisting. The Arabs could just as easily say — "Here is the Magna Charta of the Arab people!"

It would take too long here to review in detail the intricate political factors involved in the Balfour Declaration. Suffice it to say that the Palestine Mandate was a proper and legally constituted one.

It is no good throwing up the promise to the Jews contained in the Balfour Declaration without the paragraph pro-

tecting the Arabs. It is useless telling an Arab mother who has been thrown out of her home and the land which has been in their family for centuries, that she and her children are being thrown out to make way for other persecuted people who have also been rendered homeless.

What is more, there is absolutely no geographical, economic, or historical reason why the Jews should lay claim to Arab land. There would be far more logic and validity if a group of Canadian Indians insisted they take over the homes and land of the residents of Etobicoke or Red Deer.

Again, the book mentions the sinking of the *Patria*, a refugee transport, but there is no mention of the fact that the Zionists themselves sunk this ship in order to create propaganda for the 'cause', drowning some 250 completely innocent Jewish women and children. At first, rather typically, the British got the blame for this, and not till several years later did the Zionists admit to scuttling this ship, the only one deliberately sunk during the whole operation. Now these 'martyrs' are mourned once a year in Israel.

It is curious to record that the only Britisher (in a book teeming with British characters) who has a semblance of decency is the Brigadier of Cyprus District called Sutherland. Astonishing? Oh, no, because the author provides this character with a Jewish mother. I knew the real Brigadier well and the imaginary portrait of this officer is ludicrous.

Many Canadians must have heard of, or even seen and listened to, a Mr. Menachem Begin who is now touring North America and giving talks on *Exodus*. He is advertised as the heroic leader of the Irgun Zvai Leumi, the original of the superman in *Exodus*. He spoke quite recently at the Eaton Auditorium in Toronto. The Irgun, of which Begin was the undisputed leader, together with the Stern Gang run by a man named Nathan Yellin, did more than any other single group to retard the peaceful transition of Palestine into

Israel, created untold bitterness and anti-Semitism where it would otherwise have not existed.

The activities of the Irgun included the leaving of trucks loaded with explosives that blew up and killed indiscriminately; blowing up the King David Hotel in Jerusalem with the loss of innocent Jewish, Arab, and British lives; placing a time bomb in the British Colonial Office; slaughtering innocent and unarmed Arab women and children at Deir Yassin. The tales of Irgun killings resulted in the stampede of thousands of Arabs with serious economic and political consequences.

All these emotional excesses are no doubt psychologically explicable, as the reactions (as I have said) of frightened people. But it does not condone them, for there is surely no defence at all to the Irgun's premeditated garroting and hanging of two young British sergeants at Nathanya. Their crime? Being British.

It was incidents like this which prompted Professor Toynbee to say what he did when questioned recently in Montreal. He made it clear that, in his opinion, the Jews during the Palestine campaign were coldly and unmercifully cruel. I agree with him. But I want to stress with the utmost force that some of the most sincere and deep regrets and horror at these atrocities were expressed by the responsible Jews themselves — make no mistake about that — just as thousands of decent Germans abhorred the monstrous killings of the Nazis in the name of the German people.

We now arrive at an interesting parallel. Eichmann was captured quite illegally and whisked out of the Argentine to stand trial in Israel; a daring exploit amply justified by the laws of retributive justice. He will be tried for the enormous crime of calculated genocide. But murder is murder. The worst suffered by any one person is the world's worst suffering. And so where does one stop in meting out 'justice'?

I would like to know the essential legal and moral differences between the capture of Eichmann and the kidnapping, say, of Mr. Menachem Begin by the parents of the two young murdered sergeants, following a kangaroo court trial. It is interesting to ponder whether the Canadian Government would have issued Mr. Begin a visa if the mothers of these two young men had been Canadian. I am making no moral judgments and casting no aspersions but if we are to be consistent we must forgive and forget everyone. Forgive Eichmann! An act like that on the part of the Jewish people would be one of the most stupendous and significant deeds in the history of the world. The enormous and deliberately

planned publicity to be given to the Eichmann trial will leave the world in no doubt about his outrageous crimes against the Jewish people. In the face of them, forgiveness would mark the Jews as the most civilized people in history.

But what did Mr. Begin say about *Exodus*? Even he could not swallow it; he calls it exaggerated, inaccurate, says there are no supermen in Israel and picks out the attack on Acre as unhistorical.

Yehiel Aronowicz, reported to be the captain of the real refugee ship named *Exodus*, has said recently: "Israelis were pretty disappointed in the book, to put it lightly. The types that are described in it never existed in Israel. The novel is neither history nor literature." To this Leon Uris makes this incredible retort: "You may quote me as saying 'Captain who?' and that's all I have to say. I'm not going to pick on a light-weight. Just look at my sales figures." No doubt the bold researcher of the Negev Desert patrol

must consider the late captain of the real blockade-running *Exodus* a light-weight. And we must agree that the sales of *Exodus* have been enormous, raising it into the same class as such profound historical works as *Forever Amber*.

Isn't it rather significant that Uris with all his notes about public records and history never once mentions the notorious and extremely well known Irgun and Stern gangs? Instead he writes of a purely fictitious organisation and calls it the Maccabees. I don't think the reason far to seek.

Does anyone really believe that a shipload of Jewish children were smuggled out of the Cyprus Detention Camps as described in the beginning of the book under the direction of a Jewish superman and then contained in a ship in Kyrenia harbor? Meanwhile we read that British torpedo boats roared across the sea to block the entrance while 500 soldiers disgorged on the docks with loaded arms, and comic opera messages burned to

and from the Foreign Office in London and the Cyprus authorities. This is melodramatic humbug of the worst sort.

Many times I have pointed out to people that with a little thought it must surely be obvious that escaped Jews did not roam the island of Cyprus in British uniform, did not create their own military units, did not hoodwink stupid British supply depots into issuing transport. How could they do such things in a tightly controlled military area where every truck was regarded as worth its weight in gold, where officers queued for the privilege of using a jeep and where every soldier was part of a rigid establishment subject to frequent inspection at all levels?

Uris should have watched Jews on their way to the trucks going to the ship taking them to Palestine, leaving the long queues to shake a British officer's hand, or wave farewell to a British soldier, before describing these men so unfairly as stupid, brutal, or half mad. I might add that the great

Another Exodus in Morocco

MOROCCO IS A PLACE where Jews are having to move once more with the circumspection which they had to use twenty years ago in Hitler's Europe. And in the treatment of them in Casablanca there are disturbing parallels with the Germany of the thirties. The result is that the Jews are scrambling to get out of the country. But they cannot easily get passports. Hence it is a secret underground route which smuggles the successful ones out illegally — another Exodus in fact.

The reason for this attitude on the part of the Moroccan government is not far to seek. Morocco has the largest number of Jews of any Mediterranean country other than Israel itself, and it needs all of them. If the Jews were to leave, the economy of the country would crumble, for they represent the educated and literate elite of the country. Though they hold none of the top government jobs, they form the bulk of the broad base. They are accountants, clerks, typists and so on.

To Moslem Morocco this is a bitter pill, and as more Moslems are educated the Jews are squeezed out both from the civil service and from the ranks of the artisans and small merchants.

As Morocco strengthens its ties with President Nasser and the Arab League, anti-Israel feelings become anti-Jewish ones.

During President Nasser's visit to

Casablanca in January, incidents against Jews became commonplace in a city of 800,000 Moslems and 80,000 Jews.

Jewish school children were seized off the street and beaten by overzealous police for wearing blue skull caps and clothing — the color of Israel.

Other Jews were arrested and mistreated for wearing black neckties and skull caps — mourning Nasser's visit and wishing him death, police said.

The discrimination is hard to pin down. Laws apply to everyone, but often — too often — are only practiced against Jews.

If a Jew is given a passport, often his wife isn't. She remains in Morocco as a sort of "hostage" to ensure his return. Morocco wants no emigration to Israel, in deference to Nasser and the Arab League.

Import-export licenses and business permits are easy to get — if you are an Arab. If you are a Jew you face endless forms, miles of red-tape and endless frustration.

Jewish girls are occasionally "kidnapped" to become wives or concubines of rich Moslems. The girls are usually from 13 to 17 years old.

They are "converted" to the Moslem faith and never seen again by parents or friends.

Complaints get nowhere. Authorities become incensed at the suggestion that a Moslem would force a girl to con-

vert — and often the complainant gets a beating for his heresy.

This kidnapping has gone on for years — but since Jews are in even more disrepute these days, the practice is becoming more blatant and widespread.

The proof of what is happening to Jews in Morocco can be seen in Gibraltar. A refugee camp has been set up there to handle the 300 Jews who escape from Morocco each month.

British and Spanish authorities turn a blind and compassionate eye on the unfortunate Jews. They are allowed into Gibraltar without passports or documents — an unusual action by the normally strict and fussy British. The refugees are fed, clothed and medically treated.

Every Jewish ship bound for Israel stops at Gibraltar for a load of refugees. None of the Moroccan Jews will tell how he escaped — but all pour venom on Morocco and what is happening there.

Probably the Moroccan government doesn't fully realize the way things are drifting. They claim Zionists are spreading propaganda and trying to undermine the state.

This may be partially so. But the Jews have ample cause for fear. They see in Morocco symptoms of what has happened elsewhere, and all too often, to them through the centuries.

— Peter Worthington

majority of these British soldiers with whom I served would if they had been within reach, protected these homeless and persecuted people from the hardships they endured with as much or perhaps more vigor than the author of *Exodus* and his stable of imaginary supermen.

There is an appalling ignorance about these Cyprus camps. I have met reasonable people so misinformed that they have thought these British camps were in some ways minor editions of the notorious Nazi ones. I have met others who were furious and wanted the record put straight.

These Camps were under the direct control of the British army and it was made quite clear to all refugees on their arrival that their enforced stay was of a temporary nature and that they would all in due course be on the way to Palestine, either on the monthly quota or when the Mandate ended. No soldiers were allowed inside these camps. Welfare work was carried on by the American Joint Distribution Committee, an American-Jewish organisation operating in many countries.

Here are some figures:

- A total of 53,224 Jews passed through these camps.
- The maximum held at any one time was 31,000.
- The total of recorded births in these camps was 1,933.
- The total of deaths in these camps was: Adults 48; infants 78.
- The camps were opened in August, 1946 and finally cleared in February, 1949.
- Health was excellent and rations always plentiful.

When the camps were cleared great quantities of food of all descriptions were found unconsumed and wasted, again revealing the utter nonsense of Uris' malicious book. It was well known to all of us that escapes were being made if only by the numbers found outside. These inmates were merely put back.

There were two main camp sites, one at Caraolos near Famagusta, and one in the Xylotymbou forest district near Larnaca. The camps were surrounded by two 12-foot-high wire fences containing a catwalk. Watch towers and guard rooms stood at intervals round the perimeter. No soldiers of the guard battalions were allowed inside and the internal economy of these camps was entirely the inmates' affair.

It can be easily argued that these British camps did a valuable job for the hard pressed Jewish Agency in Palestine attempting to rehabilitate thousands of incoming homeless refugees, by acting as huge transit organisations where food and shelter were provided by the British who only sent manageable numbers to Palestine once a month.

If what I have written here provokes vituperation and recrimination it is certainly not my purpose. There are not many, I think, who have been so closely involved with thousands of Jewish people and watched their reactions under the stress of gratuitous and appalling events as I have, and I have too many friends among them and among the Arabs both here and in the Middle East to want to cause them any discomfort. And I am sure they will be the first to realise that there comes a time when some retort should be made to a deluge of absurdities masquerading as history such as *Exodus* and misleading millions without any knowledge of the facts. Being human I don't like being identified and described as a stupid and callous British officer, either.

If Leon Uris must try and justify the State of Israel through a long drawn-out wail of agony, why doesn't he give more space to the atrocities committed by the Nazis instead of exciting emotions by writing reams of easily disproved humbug about the British?

After reading *Exodus* one feels that Israel is not a positive and permanent force and the result of a reasoned conviction but the reaction to disaster;

not really the fulfilment of an ancient dream, but a nation fashioned out of a grievance. A great part of the world was always ready to criticize but did nothing practical to help remedy a situation created for Britain by the political implications and hardships involved. Britain had to keep the balance between existing agreements with the Arab world, had to resist strong conflicting Arab and Zionist pressure, and at the same time to help clear up for the rest of the world the moral debt they owed the persecuted and homeless pouring out of Europe. In the final analysis, Israel was created by the Nazis, the Jews, and the British in their very different and highly divergent ways. The agony of the time made a solution imperative and the practical applications of organisation and geography had to drive through a network of complications, often producing suffering, but for Arabs as well as Jews.

At 3.15 during the afternoon of February 9th, 1949, I watched the last Jewish Illegal Immigrant walk up the gangway of the renamed *Pan Crescent* — the *Atzmaut*. As the *Atzmaut* steamed slowly out of the tiny harbour of Famagusta a great cheer rose up from the ship and wave upon wave of hilarious shouts rang across the water. An answering cheer resounded from the docks. Soldiers waved and swung their hats with relief. Such relief disproves the biggest illusion created in *Exodus*: that the British wanted to hang on to Palestine at all costs. How glad we were to get out at last.

Leaning pressed against the deck-rail of that ship, vanishing slowly from my sight, a tall good-looking girl watched the receding shoreline. That girl, Marta Szafran, has become the principal character in the book I have just finished writing. She was not English or Arabic, but a Jewish girl from Poland. And as I stared at the white oval of her face disappearing across the Mediterranean towards Israel, I knew I had met someone who, through the degradation and bestiality thrust upon her by the Nazis and the twisting fortunes of her life, had risen above the filth with an unassassable dignity, compassion, and a spirit no-one could touch or destroy or take away. To me that girl, and there were many like her who had tasted the agony, rose above the confines of petty nationalism, was never merely Jewish or Arabic or English, but gloriously human. I sometimes wonder if she is still trying to forget and what she thinks of *Exodus*. What is more, how will she feel during the Eichman trial? On her left arm, just above the wrist, she, too, carries the tell-tale, well-known tattoo mark of Auschwitz.

The faces of the persecuted. Is it possible to rise above degradation?





Ebullient new President Kennedy chats in office with Tunisian Ambassador Mongi Slim and G. Mennen Williams.

On Understanding Mr. Kennedy

by Kenneth McNaught

THE OUTSTANDING characteristic of the new American President is his iciness — not the chill of unconcern, but the cool capacity to stand outside himself and observe his own central performance in the great drama of the 1960's. This power of disciplined detachment was best typified in his reply to a reporter who asked him just before the inauguration if he were excited. "Excited?" replied the President-elect. "No . . . interested."

No one who has seen the campaign debates or the televised press conferences can feel that the President lacks emotion. But equally it is clear that here is one Harvard graduate who has sought and acquired discipline. Mr. Kennedy's background of reading is probably greater than that of any other President in the twentieth century with the exception of Woodrow Wilson. But he is not an intellectual; he is not the professor in politics. He has read not with the purpose of becoming generally cultivated but, increasingly, with the purpose of understanding the practice rather than the nature of American politics. With the help of such informed scholars as Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. and John Kenneth Galbraith he has arrived at some very definite conclusions. It is this process that now enables him to look upon his job both as an art and a science, but above all to look upon it as a problem in dynamics.

Recognition of his conclusions about American politics does not provide anyone with a basis for predicting specific future policies. It does, however, explain his method and some of the policies he is at present endeavoring to implement. The President has now taken a sufficient number of administrative and policy steps to make it clear beyond doubt that Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal is the basis of his political analysis and that he himself is consciously attempting the role of FDR. It is the Kennedy-Schlesinger interpretation of the New Deal that explained the election campaign and that now explains much of actual Presidential policy.

This view sees the New Deal as the most exciting and fruitful period of post-Civil War political history for a number of reasons. It maintains that the New Deal was not an ideology but rather the embodiment of the American liberal tradition. It could embrace the "socialist" Tennessee Valley Authority but also welcome one major result of TVA — the stimulation of a whole new range of private enterprise. It could suspend the anti-trust laws and then reinvoke them. It could try for an economy of plenty by killing porkers and ploughing under crops. And it could "save capitalism" by giving security to the labor unions and taking government into business and into welfare on a scale never

before known.

For at the core of the New Deal was "the old American assumption that action is its own reward." It was a reaffirmation of the belief that mastery could replace drift in human affairs; that the people through their government could *act*. When FDR talked of the need for "bold, persistent experimentation" he meant that he would open the door to any and every plan for immediate action — even if this meant apparent (and sometimes continuing) irrationality. It is also clear, in this view of the New Deal, that the President *was* the New Deal — not in the sense of using dictatorial power over Cabinet, brains trust and Congress (because he put up with plenty of opposition from all of them), but because he made the White House the centre of action. While it is quite possible to disagree with some aspects of this interpretation of the New Deal it is impossible to ignore the definitive influence exerted by it upon Mr. Kennedy.

The key to the President's method is his insistence that the President is the centre of American government. This includes a frank use of executive patronage and a fresh approach to the problem of liaison. He is intent upon building a team of which he will be (to use FDR's term) the quarterback. But it is a team in which high reliance is placed upon individual contributions



Dean Rusk conferring with Llewellyn Thompson, U.S. Ambassador to Russia.

and innovations. Thus, he uses the conservative talents of Vice-President Johnson, consults constantly with him, assigns him a foreign mission, gives him a new office closer to the White House and makes of the Vice-President what Mr. Nixon claimed to be but never was.

The President recognizes, perhaps uniquely, that the congressional system does not permit the functioning of a Cabinet in the parliamentary sense of that word. Since the President alone, rather than his ministers, must be politically responsible for policy he has ended the myth that Cabinet meetings are places for policy debate. As one of Kennedy's aides put it: "Why should a Cabinet officer's valuable time be taken up listening to proposals which have no remote connection with his office?" Under Kennedy the Cabinet meets much less regularly and then only to discuss matters common to all departments — such as how to mesh anti-recession programs. But the "quarterback" is no longer unavailable to his team members. He encourages almost constant consultation and holds

each Cabinet member responsible for the invigoration of his department.

Centralization rather than vague co-ordination is apparently the goal, particularly in foreign policy. In mid-February the President abolished the Operations Co-ordinating Board set up by Eisenhower in 1957. Mr. Kennedy announced that instead of using the Board as an instrument of ensuring action at the President's direction, he would maintain direct communication with the responsible agencies so that everyone "will know what I have decided." A good deal of the Board's work will be assumed by the State Department, which underlines the President's intention of "strengthening the responsibility of government departments and maintaining close White House liaison with them."

Again, on the principle that successful New Deal politics include the appearance of constant action, Mr. Kennedy's telephones, messengers and interviewers are kept extremely busy and the President himself appears unannounced at such occasions as departmental staff meetings. No Democrat in

the Congress or in the government departments is any longer surprised to hear (or read) from the President a request for support of a policy or for an opinion or report. And yet, despite the comparisons already being made between Kennedy and the ubiquitous and vocal Teddy Roosevelt, the surprising report comes from his aides: far from realizing the fear that the President might find the load too great, he seems to have plenty of time for reflection and calm consideration of policy.

The turbulent wind of "revitalization" that is blowing through Washington is at least partly accounted for by one important difference between the Roosevelt of the 100 Days and the Kennedy of the Affluent Society. FDR did not have to tell anyone that there was a crisis at hand; rather, he had to calm people by telling them that "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself." Mr. Kennedy is faced with a much more subtle kind of crisis and one which needs defining. His campaign was one sustained effort to do just this and his campaign hasn't stopped. Whether he can successfully recreate the FDR role will depend on his success in this continuing effort of definition. So far there are impressive indications on both sides of this speculation.

More than any other President, Mr. Kennedy obviously lacks a great mandate and even in the Democratic legislative majorities there are heavy overtones of conservatism. Thus, despite his appearance of volatile action, he has in fact been moving with extreme circumspection. His appointments have been very cautious indeed. Mr. Rusk, the technician, was given priority over Mr. Bowles, the liberal, in the State Department. Mr. Stevenson as Secretary of State might well have overbalanced even Mr. Kennedy at the centre of government and he was therefore given the UN post with the consolation prize of a seat in a Cabinet which has been sharply downgraded.

And to balance the names of such liberals as Mennen Williams, Chester Bowles and Orville Freeman one finds in important posts men like Harriman, Acheson and Earl Smith. Again, while Stewart Udall as Secretary of the Interior says public power will be viewed as a "necessary good" rather than a "necessary evil", the President has gone far out of his way to court business support. The outstanding illustration of this was on February 13 when Mr. Kennedy, Vice-President Johnson and four other members of the Cabinet addressed the National Industrial Conference Board. All appealed for open-minded support from the industrialists and the President gave



Adlai Stevenson's appointment as U.N. representative was applauded by many.

arguments to show that "far from being natural enemies, Government and business are necessary allies."

All of this is consonant with FDR's feats of political balancing but there is a further difference. Roosevelt was able to get through four full years before he ran into serious opposition in Congress and even then the fight over Court Reform came immediately after FDR had won the greatest electoral majority in American history. There are plenty of signs that President Kennedy will have to cajole or fight a stubborn Congress from the outset. And Congressional lethargy is being dictated by the most impressive political alliance in Washington at the moment; one which dates from the end of Reconstruction in 1877. It is the alliance between northern Republicans and southern Bourbon Democrats.

This alliance is very impressed by the refusal of any clear majority to admit the existence of a crisis. It is, as a result, allowing Congress to move

In foreign policy he must call for a spirit of economic sacrifice (missile and aid programs), while in domestic policy his New Frontier calls for heavy spending and increased consumption. He is trapped, as one commentator puts it, "between the cold war and the slack economy."

Furthermore, his shaky support in Congress induces him to try for a "national look" in foreign policy — a change in technique rather than a substantive change. And here again his own predilections dictate a basic continuity. He is reported as favoring Teddy Roosevelt's advice to "speak softly and carry a big stick." Thus he offered an important reiteration of the Monroe Doctrine when he declared that the United States could never permit in the Americas the growth of an alien ideology, and his attitude to Cuba remains very tough. While he is capable of such distinguished appointments as that of George Kennan, the most sensitive American career diplo-

behavior of Mr. Stevenson at the UN. In India, where Professor Galbraith can indulge his scholarly and diplomatic inclinations simultaneously as he observes five-year-planning at close quarters, American stock went up when the President went out of his way to identify himself with Prime Minister Nehru during the first Congo explosion.

But in other areas there are balancing doubts about the "New Look" in American diplomacy. Mr. Livingstone Merchant's re-appointment to Ottawa was received with airy acclamation by much of the Canadian press which seemed to overlook some of the repartee in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee when the Committee was quizzing Mr. Merchant prior to recommending confirmation of his appointment. The new ambassador couldn't have been more definite in his belief that Canada cannot pursue an independent foreign policy and he specifically commended Mr. Harkness for his



Jacqueline Kennedy, Eisenhower, listen intently as Kennedy addresses the nation in inaugural speech as President.

ponderously, if at all. It is listening to pressure group lobbies more than to the President's exhortations to action. Opposition has formed rapidly to the President's medical care program, especially from Democrats on the Ways and Means Committee, and this is the case also with his program for financing unemployment benefits and with some aspects of his education program. Probably the chief reason for Mr. Kennedy's resort to televised press conferences is his absolute need to create a sense of crisis which alone will impel voters to bring pressure to bear upon their Congressmen. And this again underlines the precarious position occupied by the new administration.

The President's problems are not lessened by the ever-growing intimacy between foreign and domestic policies. While FDR could and did virtually ignore that relationship during his first term, Kennedy sees the present crisis, quite naturally, as demanding closely related domestic and foreign policies. But this has involved him in a dilemma which in part accounts for his caution.

mat, to the most sensitive communist listening post in Yugoslavia, he originally named Earl Smith to the American embassy in Switzerland. Even the Senate saw objections to this degree of continuity, for Smith (who is the President's Republican neighbor at Palm Beach) was American ambassador to Cuba from 1957 to 1959 and an outstanding supporter of General Fulgencio Batista. The Swiss Cabinet understandably opposed the appointment, too, as embarrassing to their responsibility for American interests in Cuba during the break in diplomatic relations between Cuba and the United States. It was Smith himself who finally decided not to go.

In some areas of foreign relations the Kennedy dispensation appears to take a more realistic view of "neutralism" than did its floundering predecessor. In Laos, losses are being cut and a challenge issued to the Russians to support non-intervention. In the Congo the same policy prevails and the administration has been strengthened considerably by the impeccable

attack on Canadian "neutralism".

Again, the President is under heavy pressure to go slow in any reconsideration of United States relations with SEATO. The *New York Times*, which has been extraordinarily kind to the Democratic President, comments thus upon Mr. Rusk's scheduled attendance at the Bangkok SEATO Council meeting later this month: "If Laos were lost, Communist pressure on Thailand would be enormously increased and the whole Western position in Southeast Asia would be gravely endangered Tough action by the United States may be necessary and advisable to save not only Laos but SEATO."

This is not the voice of disengagement nor is it a voice that Mr. Rusk is likely to discount easily. President Kennedy, despite his cool appraisals and willingness to work with skill and intelligence to re-establish a fourth "New" to the New Freedom, New Nationalism and New Deal has a long uphill struggle ahead. "Ideally", as Russell Baker put it, "he could do with a sharp rise in the national popularity polls."

The New Broom and the Old Dust

by Anthony West

UP TO THE CRISIS in the United Nations caused by the death of the unhappy and inadequate Patrice Lumumba, President Kennedy had been enjoying a kind of political honeymoon almost unique in American politics. Though the electorate were evenly divided between which of the two men in their middle forties they wanted, they were apparently desperately anxious that the winner should succeed and bring something fresh and creative into a political scene dominated for too long by elderly men.

This craving for a new spirit to deal with a new world showed itself in the warmth and enthusiasm with which the press and radio (predominantly hostile politically) received the new man's Inaugural and State of the Nation speeches. Both these utterances were given high praise and, indeed, their pleasantly old-fashioned use of traditional platform rhetoric made an agreeable contrast with Mr. Eisenhower's flat Rotarian brand of spoken business English.

It is, however, worth pointing out that both the addresses in question were pastiches of the sort of rallying calls which Mr. Churchill was addressing to the English people in the darkest days of the war. In the circumstances of 1940 the style was appropriate: things were very desperate and the crisis had to be met. This, however, is peace. The haul ahead is a long one, and the prospect of four years at such a level of exhortation is daunting. What will be left to say when the going gets really tough? And who will be listening when the trumpet has been sounded for the umpteenth time?

This is, however, by the way. The interesting and significant thing which emerged from both speeches was Mr. Kennedy's apparent belief that he had been elected to some larger office than that of the Presidency of the United States, one which does not as yet exist but which might, if it did, be called Lord Protector of the Hemisphere. The President is under the impression, it appears, that it is part of his function to prevent any "alien philosophy" from establishing itself in the Americas, and also that it is within his field of authority to determine what foreign alliances the sovereign states in the hemisphere shall make. Cuba was the occasion for advancing these large claims, but they were none-the-less

made in general terms.

It may be said that the substance of this idea has existed for a long time in the shape of the Monroe doctrine. But that was a matter of announcing that the United States would consider any European aggression against any American state as an act of war against itself: the Monroe doctrine does not announce an interest in the internal affairs of other states or in their foreign policies. It offers an unconditional guarantee of their sovereignty and independence. The Kennedy policy, as stated, is a denial of both.

If he meant what he said, he claims, as President of the United States, the role of suzerain of the Americas. He did not claim to be the leader of an



Lumumba: His death created crisis.

alliance of consenting partners with an agreed community of interest, but declared simply that the interest of the United States was paramount. "We intend" he said at one point, "to be masters in our hemisphere".

It will be seen from this that a superficial realism is leading to a further deterioration in the essentials of United States foreign policy. If there is any real reason for choosing the side of the United States in the power struggle, and for undertaking the very great risks of a positive alignment, it is that America is more likely than Russia to honor the integrity of its allies and to respect their right to make their own future in their own way. The Kennedy line does a lot to narrow the

gap in status between a near neighbor of Russia and a neighbor of the United States; the one is free to choose any future it likes within communism, the other free to develop along lines acceptable to the United States.

The neutralist argument that there is little to choose between the one side and the other when it comes to it can only be strengthened by Mr. Kennedy's old fashioned revival of the idea of spheres of influence dominated by great powers. In fact war is now so destructive that no power can offer any protection worth having to an ally, and it is only in exchange for effective protection that states will make surrenders of sovereignty of the kind which Mr. Kennedy assumes. In the new world order, in which the use of power is national suicide, the only kind of sphere of influence which can be maintained is one of mutual advantage; commitment has to be manifestly worthwhile. In defining his conception of the role of the United States in the Americas the President nailed the old flag to the old mast, and spoke as if military power were still a reality.

The touchstones are Cuba and China. Cuba is a minute country with poverty as its principal problem. The United States, as the world's richest country, is presently engaged in all-out economic war with it for the avowed purpose of destroying a regime enjoying massive popular support and securing its replacement by one which will respect the property rights of the middle class and foreign investors. It is, of course, perfectly in order for the United States to enjoy a regime which supports such property rights. The question is whether it has the right to enforce a similar regime on its nearest overseas neighbor.

Does it indeed have any legitimate interest in the internal affairs of any other country? The answer is, clearly, that it does not. The American way of life, like the Russian, is only legitimately an article for export to customers who order it. The Kennedy policy on Cuba is indistinguishable from that of the last administration and it is based on the simple-minded paternalistic view of 19th-century Imperialism: that the more advanced peoples have a divine right to enter the backward countries to bring them into line and set their affairs in order. A senator from Wisconsin spoke directly

to the point at the time of the Spanish-American war, saying that he dreaded the result of saving the Cubans from the Spanish as it would undoubtedly be necessary to intervene in the future "to save the Cubans from themselves". It is clear that Mr. Kennedy has no doubt that it is now the divine mission of the United States to save the Cubans from their illusion of knowing what is good for them.

Cuba provides the example of what is implied by his generalities about America's role in the hemisphere. China is in a way the extension of the case of Cuba, and here too the President reverts to traditional attitudes. Theodore Roosevelt used to describe people who were weak or incompetent as Chinese, after Dago. It was one of his strongest words of abuse, and for him China was the place, above all, where the civilising mission of the United States was to be accomplished. His bibles on the question were Brooks Adams's *America's Economic Supremacy* and the catastrophic Mahan's *Problem of Asia*. Mahan laid it down that China had to be kept free of foreign domination, notably by Russia, but kept under legitimate "foreign influence", a phrase which apparently meant control of the Yangtse Valley by America.

Brooks Adams was more explicit, though his fancy fell upon another river. The decisive conflict of the future was to be one between a declining England and a rising Russia. A triumph for Russia would be a disaster for America, particularly if it gave her control or possession of China. "The United States could hardly contemplate with equanimity the successful organisation of a hostile industrial system on the shores of the Pacific . . . supplied by the inexhaustible resources of the valley of the Ho hang-ho". Spring-

Rice, the mischief-making British Ambassador in Washington, earnestly fostered this nightmare: if the Russians could develop a North Chinese Army, he wrote to Roosevelt, they would become "such a power as the world has never seen". The answer to this menace was produced by Mahan: a policy of containment of the land-mass power Russia pursued by a combination of the Maritime powers, America, Britain, Germany and Japan.

It is worth pointing out that this ultimate goal of United States policy was threshed out and defined in the two decades between 1890 and 1910. It had nothing to do with protecting a "free" world from the menace of "godless international communism" and its crystallisation long before the advent of communism shows how unreal the alleged motives of United States Far Eastern policies are. When the British Government prompted the new administration to get on with the recognition of Red China while it could still do so and seem to be taking an initiative, the State Department stuffily rejected the idea in a note reiterating all the familiar arguments for treating the country as if the old Dowager Empress was still on the throne. The new administration spoke in a voice identical with that of the old, a voice fundamentally conservative, wedded to a bankrupt conception of international relationships, and convinced of the possession by the United States of some kind of mandate or divine right to shape and to control the development of world affairs.

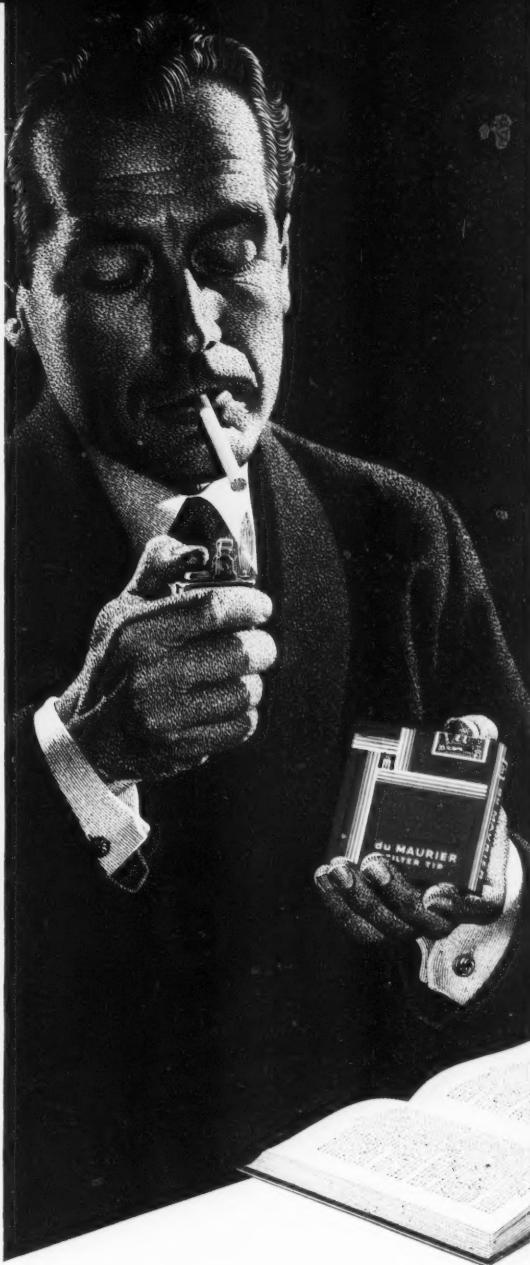
This illustrates itself in small things as in large, in innocence as well as in design. Nobody would question the genuine generosity behind the President's proposal for a Peace Corps of young men dedicated to the spread of light and of useful knowledge throughout the under-developed sections of the world. But it is curiously arrogant and insensitive to suggest that the world is short of that particular commodity. It has its eager young men, and even in the most technically backward areas they do not have that much to learn from the average American student.

A Burmese gentleman of my acquaintance who had been complaining at length about the Formosan Chinese Army maintained and organised by the C.I.A. in the Northern part of his country cheered up greatly when I mentioned the proposed Peace Corps as evidence of the fundamental benevolence of American policy. He remarked that a useful first task for its members would be walking children to school in New Orleans. "That would create a very favorable impression in my part of the world", he added, smiling in the friendliest possible way.



"Lord Protector of the Hemisphere"?

MARCH 18th 1961



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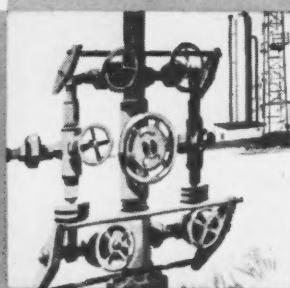


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The Crest: Cause For Appraisal and Celebration

by David Gardner

ON MARCH 1ST, 1961, following the opening night presentation of *The Heiress*, a local hotel and a national distillery sponsored a reception for the Crest Theatre. It was an indication of the appreciation of the city of Toronto — and the nation — for the Crest's achievement in presenting one hundred separate plays in its seven years of existence.

What is the Crest Theatre? Is it a national or a civic repertory theatre, a professional playhouse in the North Toronto community, a commercial business venture, or the private expression of a Canadian theatre family? In a way, the Crest is all these things.

It is a theatre of national interest because, by default, it is the only completely professional, full-time producing theatre in English-speaking Canada. Actually the Crest is more rightly a civic theatre like the Schauspielhaus in

Hamburg, or the Malmo City Theatre in Sweden, or the Birmingham Rep in England: theatres devoted to the presentation of a repertoire of both national and international plays. However, the Crest's situation is complicated by the lack of any official recognition of its place in a civic centre, by the general feeling in Canada that the legitimate theatre is somehow an anachronism in this age of film and television, and by the commercial approach of North America.

It is curious that the theatre in New York, so influenced by Hollywood, never adopted the much more economical scheme employed by the major film studios, that is the repertory idea, a theatre which produces its own series of entertainments with a permanent production staff and usually a semi-permanent company of actors.

The Crest is a repertory theatre,

located not off-Broadway, but certainly off-centre in the Toronto community. It is housed in a movie theatre built in 1927, and one of the last to include a stage and dressing room area adequate for vaudeville entr'actes. Seating 842 people it falls into the comfortable middle bracket of theatre architecture and theatre fare; somewhere between the extravaganza auditorium or opera house (O'Keefe Centre, 3400 seats) and the experimental, basement or studio type theatre with homespun accommodation for two hundred or so.

Financially, the Crest began as a non-profit, limited liability company, Murray and Donald Davis Ltd., founded in November 1953 by the Newmarket theatre family of Murray, Barbara and Donald Davis. It was the logical outgrowth of six seasons of plays by their extremely successful summer stock theatre, The Straw Hat Players. The



J. B. Priestley's "The Glass Cage" had its world premiere at Toronto's Crest Theatre. Barbara Chilcott, Donald Davis.



Barbara Chilcott, Eric House starred in Davies' "A Jig for the Gypsy".

Crest Theatre, with an average annual box office intake of \$200,000 has never made money in any of its seven seasons, losing from \$20,000 to \$35,000 annually, and in their most critical 1959-60 season, nearly \$50,000.

After the first three and a half years (and a personal loss of approximately \$100,000) the Davis family were forced to abandon the limited liability company and establish instead the Crest Theatre Foundation. The theatre is currently run by the Foundation through a Board of Governors, and tax-free donations and charitable subsidies cover the annual loss. For the past two seasons Murray Davis has been appointed by the Board to manage the theatre himself, and expects to continue in this capacity for the 1961-62 season.

At first glance the annual loss of the theatre appears incompatible with good business practice, but probably the exact opposite is true. Next to the notable achievement of the one hundred plays produced, it is remarkable that the Crest Theatre, in a field known for its lack of financial acumen, has actually kept its operational unit functioning on such a sound and efficient basis. Theatre is, by nature, economically ridiculous in a mass-production era, proffering as it does a luxury product for a limited and fickle market. The approximate weekly running expenses, covering the production costs of a play and the salaries of a staff of forty, is \$6,200.00. It was \$4500.00 in January 1954, when the Crest began to provide "popular plays at popular prices", (\$1.00-\$3.50), and 40 weeks of professional employment for Canadian theatre people in each of seven years, at such a consistently high level of production, is a very real achievement. *Camelot*, in comparison, cost the entire Crest budget for two years, or twenty plays.

Charmion King has had leading roles in many Crest productions. Here she appears in a scene from 1958's "The Cherry Orchard".

The frustration of the Crest Theatre lies, as with too many legitimate theatres, in its lack of audience. Although half a million people have attended in its seven seasons, it has developed a loyal weekly audience of only 2,000 people. Even when the Crest produces a so-called flop, an average of 2,000 attend. The disappointment arises in the number that attend its successes, which is usually 3,000, a difference of only 1,000 people. With a weekly audience of 3,000 (only 50 per cent of the seating capacity) the Crest Theatre breaks even and meets its weekly expenses. That magic figure of 1,000 spells the difference between financial success and failure. Does this mean that there are only 3,000 Torontonians in a city of 1½ millions who like going to the theatre? The O'Keefe Centre was able to sell 18,000 subscriptions, so one must presume that there is, at the very least, a potential audience of that size for the Crest.

What then is the combination of factors that has kept the Crest Theatre in the red, and what steps is Murray Davis taking to fill the gap?

The choice of plays is undoubtedly high on the list. Too many of the one hundred shown have veered towards the stylish, superficial play of refined appeal. Especially in its earlier years the public associated the Crest with a family compact, or an English repertory company of pre-*"Angry-Young-Man"* vintage. Indeed a local wag once quipped that C.R.E.S.T. actually stood for the "Canadian, Really English, Society Theatre." However, not only did the Crest achieve a higher standard than nine-tenths of the English rep companies, but the potboilers of their patron saint, Agatha Christie, proved popular enough to save the theatre from bankruptcy time and time again.

Infrequent American plays like *Inherit the Wind*, and *Marriage-Go-Round* make money for the Crest, but current Broadway and West End successes are difficult to obtain because rights are not easily available in Canada until either road companies or films have exploited their popularity. At the same time, such a management as Freedman and Morse was able to snatch Broadway hits like *Visit to a Small Planet*, and *Two for the Seaside* and present them at the Crest, and these productions served to disparage the Crest's own inability to obtain topical plays.

Then too, perhaps unwisely, the Crest stated a policy of non-experimental theatre in its original aims, and so it has been loath over the years to alienate its small but loyal audience with any of the recent *avant garde* works which shock with their "art by accident" form and disengaged content.

This middle of the road play policy has done damage to the Crest by making it appear standoffish from contemporary trends and out of place in the Canadian scene. Indeed the 100th production, *The Heiress*, is a case in point. Here is a safe, well-made Edwardian soap opera which by now is overexposed to the average playgoer, and obviously included in the 1961 season of plays only because it is being studied by the secondary schools.

However, the Crest has become acutely aware of their choice of plays, and in the current season, and the plans for the next, there is evidence of a swing towards the contemporary and uniquely theatrical play which is less likely to be found on television. Two Canadian plays are pencilled in for 1961-62.

Of the 100 plays already presented, 10 were premiered with the Crest, and 7 of these were original Canadian works. Although five Canadian plays were both artistic and financial failures, the other five premieres were successful; Tyrone Guthrie's *Haste to the Wedding*, Robertson Davies' *A Jig for the Gypsy* with a fine, lusty performance by Barbara Chilcott; Mavor Moore's *The Ottawa Man*, Mary Jukes' Rosedale Comedy *Every Bed is Narrow*; and *The Glass Cage*, written especially for Murray, Donald and Barbara Davis, by J. B. Priestley. The latter two plays were seen subsequently in London's West End with a measure of success. Of course a premiere has a built-in excitement, and I asked Murray if he ever considered commissioning a play. "I would like to" he replied, "especially a good comedy, which is so hard to find." In conversation Murray mentioned, hypothetically, a writer like Pierre Berton, but added that he felt it was difficult for any author to write specifically for the Crest until the theatre was once again able to develop its own permanent company of actors.

The Permanent Company is another factor in the search for an audience,



and another disappointment felt keenly by Mr. Davis. A theatre needs to identify itself in a playgoer's mind. Acting is a co-operative art and demands that the players work intimately together before its most daring and deeply interpretive effects can be realized. The Crest's major attempt at a permanent company of actors in the 1959-60 season, was not a failure, and indeed began to show tangible results in their final productions *Honour Thy Father* and *The Seagull*. But it was a company with a new director for every production, and subsequently a company without a leader. Someone like Powys Thomas, or George McCowan, might have realized the aim.

Also, perhaps, the Crest has not won its audience because it has not cultivated any Canadian stars of its own to compete with the stars of the touring companies which the local theatre can ill afford. Many actors have been introduced at the Crest, and most of the established Canadian performers have been seen there, but no real favorites have been developed. There have been some memorable performances by such guests as Gwen Ffrangcon Davies in *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, and by such Canadians as Kate Reid, Frances Hyland, Charmion King, William Hutt, Eric House and Max Helpmann, but mainly the actors have merely displayed or consolidated their talents. Miss King, a member of the permanent Company, is the one performer who seems to have added to her stature by playing at the Crest. Along with director, George McCowan, who is perhaps the outstanding individual product of the Crest Theatre to date, the only other person developed is again not a performer, but the resident set designer, Michael Johnston, who began his career there as a scene painter.

This lack of producing memorable performances leads to my major estimate of the Crest's inability to enlarge its audience. It is a psychic reason — the auditorium itself. Having been involved on both sides of the footlights at the Crest, I feel that it is an auditorium patently unsuited for the best experiencing of plays. The ace up the sleeve that any theatre has over the other entertainment media is its rapport and proximity with an audience; that empathy of communication which can cause an audience genuine embarrassment for the tortuously bad, malicious glee for human error, convulsing belly laughter for an old gag, childlike involvement in the melodramatic, and a consummate catharsis in the moment of high tragedy. The Crest Theatre never lets you forget it is a movie house, and the auditorium is like a long, raked bowling alley filled with invisible batsmen. Both the performance seen by the



Frances Hyland, Norman Welsh and Peter Donat in Crest's "The Heiress".

spectator and the audience response received by the actor, seem curiously remote, subdued, and delayed. Of recent years, nearly every Crest production has been staged out on the apron in an attempt to make a more immediate contact, but the auditorium still conspires to rob both the patron and the performer of a total experience. Many times while enjoying a Crest production, I have secretly wished I could see the same show in another theatre, on another stage. And now the news is out.

The Crest itself feels that its next step is a move to a new auditorium in a new location. For 100 productions it has been obliged to lease the only available theatre in Toronto, but now the Crest would like to establish itself elsewhere, perhaps in the downtown hotel district, the area revitalized by the O'Keefe Centre, and served for fifty years by the Royal Alexandra, creating in effect a theatrical focus, a Broadway for the city of Toronto.

Murray Davis put it this way: "London and New York shows wouldn't run four weeks on local traffic alone. We need to attract the transient trade and we can't do this on Mount Pleasant Road. We need a new wrapper for the Crest, a new package. When or where I am not prepared to say, but we must woo our audience from a new location and with physical attributes that allow something to happen in theatrical terms. I would like a theatre — not a film house, not a multiple purpose auditorium, but a theatre with intimacy, and a richness of colour and atmosphere, 800 seats, a balcony, and boxes close to the stage, red plush and gilt, a traditional theatre with an apron stage."

What is the Crest Theatre? It is a theatre in transition from an Eisenhower to a Kennedy regime.

Will you join me in a toast to the Crest, its next 100 plays, and the new home in which I hope most of them will be performed?

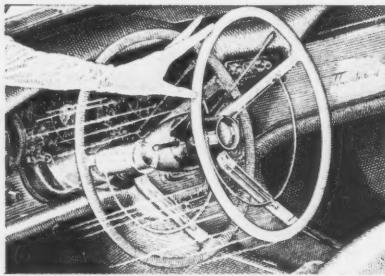


Mayo Moore, Ron Hartmann, Jonathan White: "Witness for the Prosecution".

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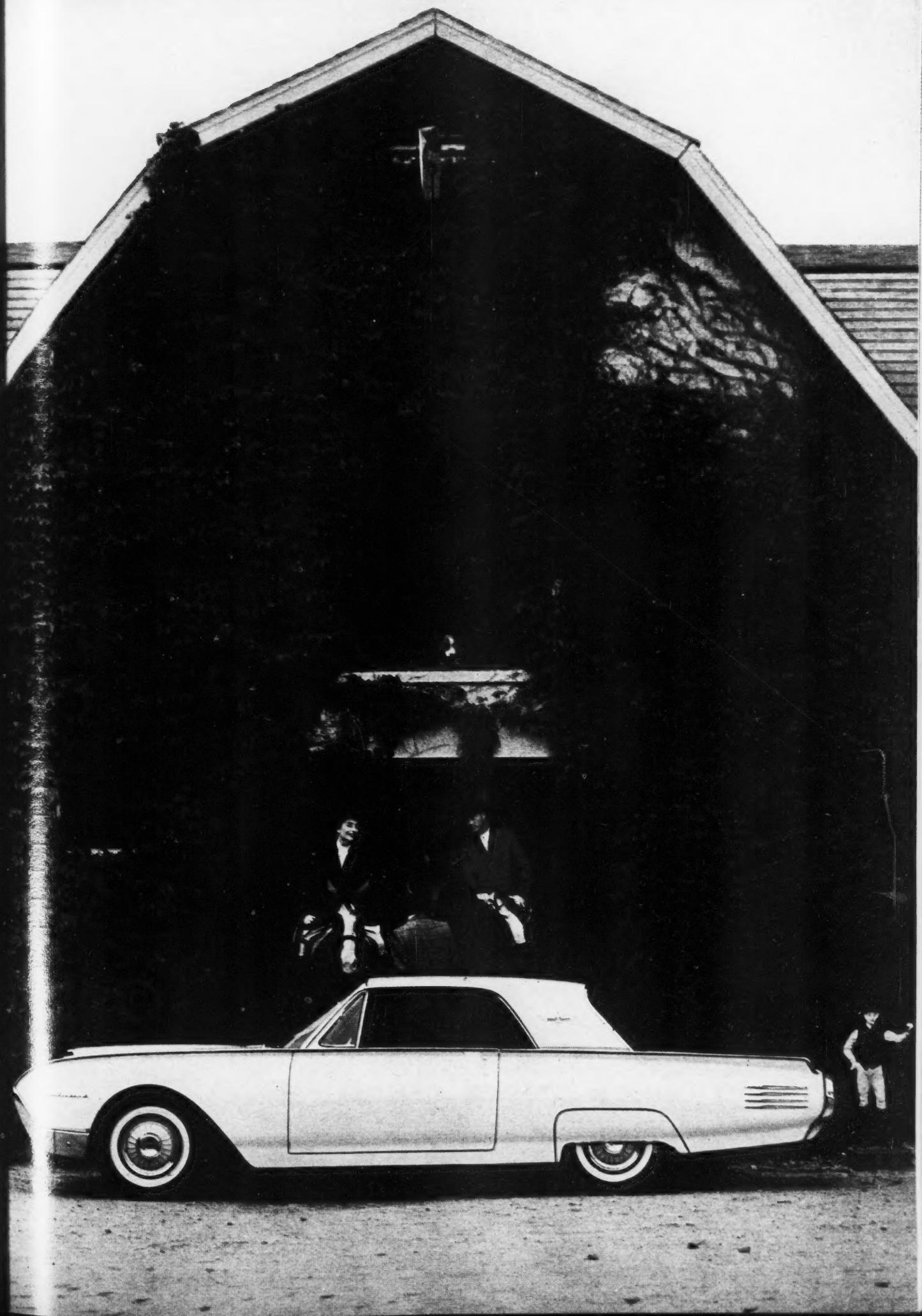


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Chess

by D. M. LeDain

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW, an English composer of a century ago, worked with the interesting mechanism since known as the "Grimshaw Interference" which has to do with the interference of a long-range piece by another, such as that of a Rook by a Bishop. The effect is enhanced when two such pieces interfere mutually with each other in accompanying variations. It is then referred to as a "Mutual Grimshaw".

He was also a player of merit as the following offhand win from world champion Wilhelm Steinitz testifies.

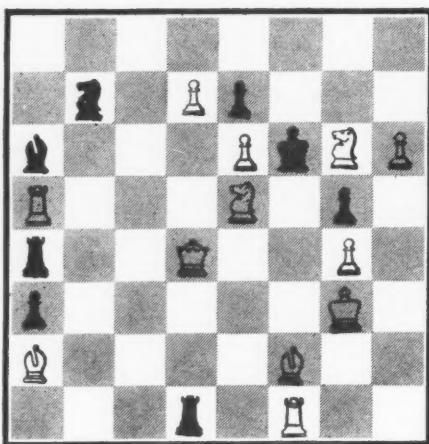
White: W. Grimshaw, Black: W. Steinitz.

1.P-K4, P-K4; 2.Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3.P-Q4, PxP; 4.KtxP, Q-R5; 5.Kt-Kt5, QxKPch; 6.B-K3, B-Kt5ch; 7.Kt-Q2, BxKtch; 8.QxB, K-Q1; 9.Castles, Q-K3; 10.B-KB4, P-Q3; 11.BxP, PxP; 12.KtxQP, QxP; 13.Kt-Kt5 d.ch., K-K1; 14.Kt-B7ch, K-B1;

15.Q-Q6ch, Kkt-K2; 16.Q-Q8ch, KtxQ; 17.RxKt mate.

Solution of Problem No. 265 (Holladay),
Key, 1.Q-Kt3.

Problem No. 266 by J. A. Schiffmann.
White mates in two moves. (12 + 8)



Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

CATHY CAME storming in, waving a piece of paper. "Look what I found crumpled up in one of your pockets," she cried. "I asked you to pay them weeks ago, and I'll bet you've done nothing about it."

Ron remembered the bill. "Okay, so I forgot," he said, reaching for his cheque book. "Let's have it."

But his wife hadn't finished. "Part of it is torn off, so now you can't see the cents in the amount," she told him. "You'd better make the cheque for the even dollar above."

"That won't be necessary, my dear." Ron took the bill. "Not quite nothing about it. I did notice that the total, that's in cents, was three times the square of the dollars. So now I can easily figure it out exactly."

It won't be so easy for you! But what was the full amount? (148)

Answer on page 54.

A Trying Time Ahead

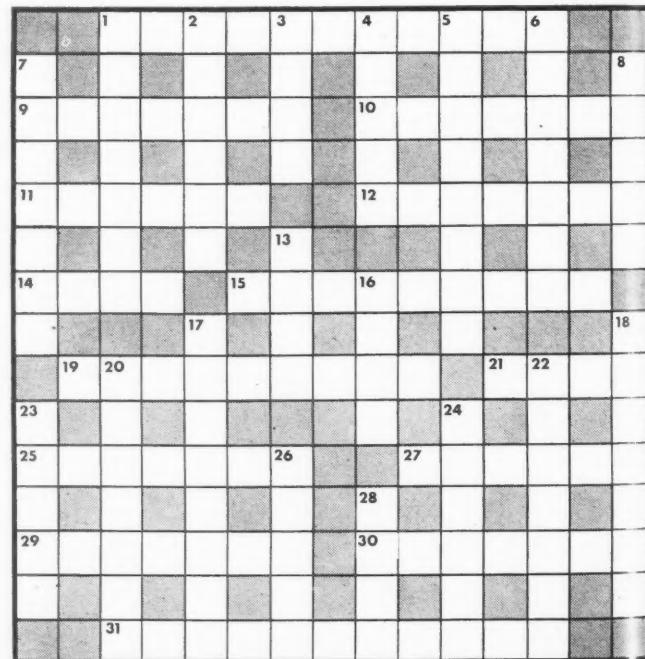
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

- 1 Sign, if I can, with initial T. (11)
- 9 Embracing everything helps to make a lover alluring. (7)
- 10 Yet this reverend gentleman was not noted for amorous behaviour. (7)
- 11 They worked on the land around hotels in Sparta. (6)
- 12 Exposure may be the threat of one who does. (7)
- 14 A wild one may have dire consequences. (4)
- 15 Suggests some vegetables are vocal. (9)
- 19 It appears this lad has just left the skating rink for work. (6, 3)
- 21 How a sailor came to be so holy. (4)
- 25 This kind of performer plays badly in company. (7)
- 27 Some gain it by breaking the law. (6)
- 29 Laurel and hardy? (7)
- 30 Where Ruth wanted to go? (7)
- 31 Is a pupil all at sea in this? (11)

DOWN

- 1 When bombarded it's sure hell to be in it. (7)
- 2 One of these fell to his death from a 15. (6)
- 3 Any complaints from Will Shakespeare? (4)
- 4 Is Susan going to come out? (5)
- 5 Caused disturbance at a poet's abandoned party. (8)
- 6 Sounds as if a number exercise as an aid to climbing. (7)
- 7 Appropriate instrument on which to render Erroll Garner's "Misty". (7)
- 8 Cold, Jack? (5)
- 13 In short, we are has-beens. (4)
- 16 After this is after this. (4)
- 17 Where one takes the waters in a ditch. (8)
- 18 No woman would be abroad in these halters. (7)
- 20 The sixth letter changes. (7)
- 22 Hell! Bop him if he doesn't jump to your command. (4-3)
- 23 Look! A cow, a sow and an owl can all be found here. (5)
- 24 A fairy? Hush! It may die! (6)
- 26 Nothing the United States has can bring the French up to this flier. (5)
- 28 Though half in view, a completely different view of 13 is necessary. (4)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS	31 See 18	8 Athletes
1, 10, 3. Put the cart before the horse	32, 6, 3. My kingdom for a horse	9 Star
6 See 32	33 Side	14 See 3
10 See 1A	34 Stampeder	16 Ire
11 Teeth	DOWN	17 Puff
12 Icemen	1 Public	18 31, 3. Eat like a horse
13 Estrange	2 Taffeta	19 Treadles
15 See 3	3, 14. Horseshoe	21 Planked
17 Prelate	3, 15. Horseradish	23 Spindle
20 Replete	3, 29. Horse sense	24 Stamps
22 Fetish	4 Cuts	26 Esau
25 Amateurs	5 Reels	27 Remit
28 Assist	7 Oceania	29 See 3
		30 Skim (515)



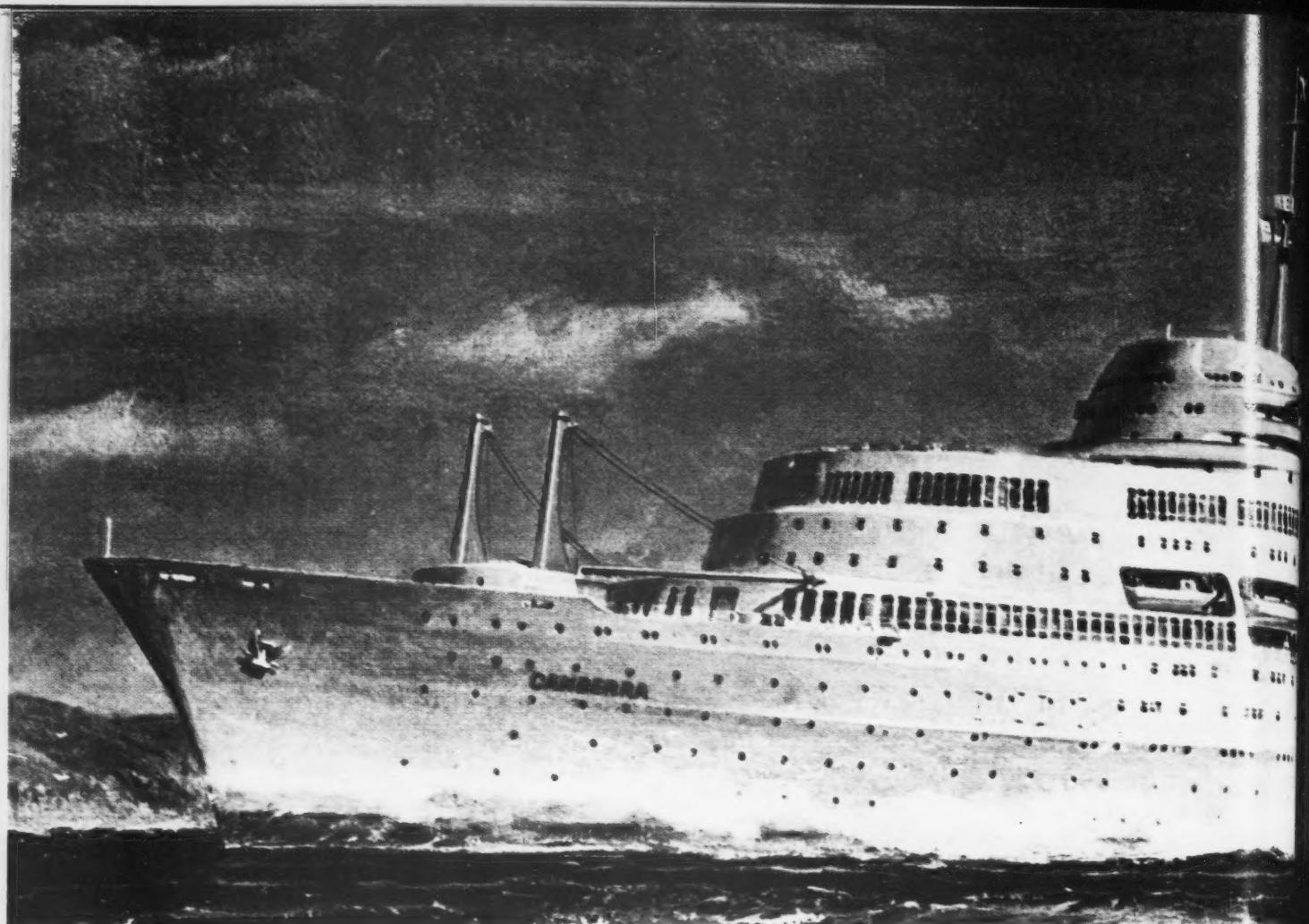
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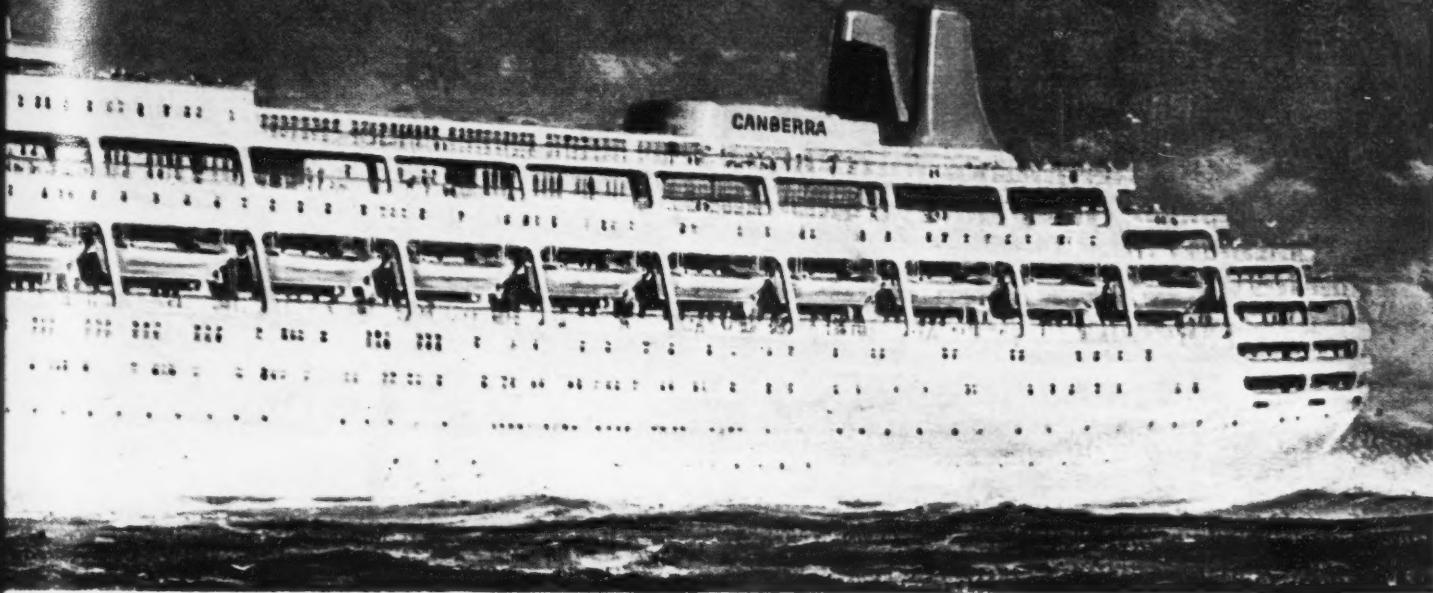
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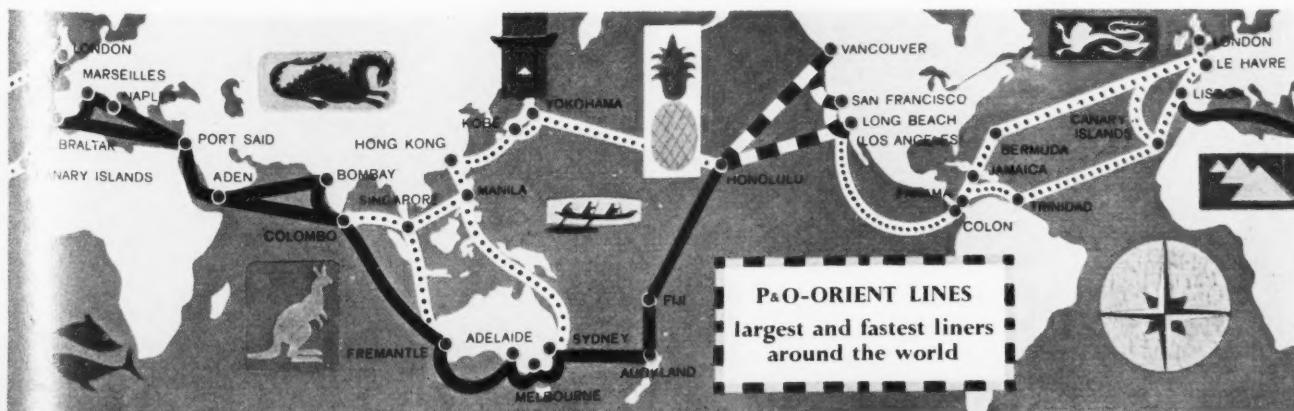
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London Letter

by Beverley Nichols

Pink Blood in Women's War

THE BATTLE OF Fleet Street is still raging as I write, with the vast *Daily Mirror* interests battling for control of the equally vast range of Odham's publications, with the giant *News of the World* threatening to leap into the ring and your own Mr. Roy Thomson keeping a watchful eye from the wings. To an outsider it all sounds too complicated to grasp. It is, in fact, very simple. This is what it is about.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of post-war Britain has been the spectacular growth of women's magazines, led by the Odham's giants *Woman* and *Woman's Own*, whose combined circulation is approximately 6 million copies per week. And the present battle is a direct result of that phenomenon. All the rest is comparatively irrelevant. You can forget anything you may have read about the sinister political ambitions of your own Mr. Roy Thomson. You can discount all those rumors about wicked city financiers storming labor's last journalistic fortress — the *Daily Herald* — in order that they may transform it into a bastion of capitalism. All this is so much hooey. This is a women's war, waged by men for women's hearts and women's purses, with those two glittering heiresses *Woman* and *Woman's Own* as the principal prizes. And with them a whole bevy of affluent young Fleet Street ladies, ranging from comic strips to "Do-it yourselves" sheets, from costly fashion almanacs to cheap knitting weeklies.

Canadians are fairly familiar with the chief protagonists in this struggle to

the death, such as Roy Thomson. (Mr. Thomson has endeared himself to Fleet Street by his insistence that all the staff of his *Sunday Times* address him by his Christian name within a few moments of meeting him.) But not many people outside Fleet Street realize that the man who made the battle inevitable was a 60-year old Scotsman called James Wedgwood Drawbell. Blue-eyed, soft-spoken Jimmy Drawbell is one of the most remarkable journalists of the twentieth century. He has done everything from crime-reporting in Chicago to editing Lord Kemsley's *Sunday Chronicle*, which he built up into an organ of such ruthless strength that it earned the special displeasure of Hitler.

But it was not till after the war that Jimmy was able to prove his organizing genius. When he walked into the offices of *Woman's Own*, he found a discreet, respectable journal that was still aimed editorially at the women of the thirties. There was the usual pedestrian collection of romantic fiction, beauty hints, and letters to the love-lorn. There was absolutely no realization that in the past five years women had taken greater strides forward than at any time since they gained the vote. Above all — and this went for every magazine in Fleet Street — nobody seemed to realize the vast economic power of British womanhood.

Jimmy, brooding alone in his little office, said to himself: "Britain will have to be re-built — physically, economically, morally. And it will have to be re-built, very largely, by women. For the first time in the long history of this

little island we have to face up to the fact that Britain has become, without fully realizing it, a matriarchy."

That was the diagnosis. What was the remedy? What did women want? Jimmy compressed his answer into one word . . . color. For women had endured five years of black-outs and drabness. They were sick of the sombre hues of coffee and navy blue. They had an almost pathological longing for shocking pink. And it was typical of Jimmy that when he first asked me to join in this enterprise he talked almost exclusively in terms of color. "For God's sake" he said "get some color into your first article." I did. My first article for *Woman's Own* was a symphony in blue. It began with the eyes of my Siamese cats, and ended with the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

And that was what really started it all . . . a pot of paint thrown by a Scotsman on to the drab pavements of the street of adventure. For Jimmy's diagnosis proved spectacularly right. The sales of *Woman's Own* soared by leaps and bounds, and the pages grew brighter and brighter, till they were as gay as a summer border. Nothing succeeds like success, and within a year or two Jimmy had a host of imitators. The pace grew hotter and hotter, the stakes higher and higher. Largely through the enterprise of this single man a vast financial empire came into being. And since it is a condition of empires that they must either go on expanding or fall into decay, war was sooner or later inevitable. Well, it has come. It will not be a short one, and the casualties will be heavy.

Whichever way the battle may go, the results will be lamentable, not only for Fleet Street and for all those who work in it, but for the British people at large, and through them for the wider issues of freedom and democracy.

I can remember the days when London had five evening newspapers all printed on different colored papers, and all representing different social and political points of view. Through these newspapers even the smallest and most eccentric minorities were assured of a platform, however small. Today there are only two: the *Evening News*, and the *Evening Standard*, and though the latter is controlled by Lord Beaverbrook, it is not making nearly as much money as his Lordship would like. This means that after mid-day, in the greatest city of the world, the Tories have a monopoly of the journalistic loudspeakers. It means, in the land of Shakespeare, that the theatregoer must rely on the verdict of two young critics who may have got out of bed on the wrong side.

I am not suggesting that either the managerial or editorial policy of these



Philip's tiger: No better occupation to take up his spare time?

newspapers is dishonest. But I was brought up to believe that "All power tends to corrupt". . . and "Absolute power corrupts absolutely." If Lord Astor were living today, he might well substitute for the word "power" the word "monopoly".

Once again the Royal Family is under attack. No — I am not referring to Prince Phillip's tiger, though it seems to me rather unfortunate that grown-up men, in responsible positions, can find no better occupation for their spare time. I am referring to the active anti-monarchical wave that seems to be sweeping through the universities. The average modern undergraduate is by no means a Royalist. He can be trusted to behave with reasonable decorum when Royal personages pay official visits to Oxford or Cambridge. And in all ancient universities you will find small, fanatically loyal groups whose members would ask for nothing better than to lay down their lives for the Queen. But this is not the general trend of Oxford today. Listen to this editorial from the leading undergraduate weekly *The Isis*:

"If we want a society in which there are no 'have-nots' and there are no ruling classes to dispense bread and circuses, in which there is a full, rich life available to everyone: that is, if we want a real democracy; then we must recognise that it will be a society without monarchy or monarchy worship, for these are features of a class-ridden and trivial society."

Does this mean that the old country is on the verge of becoming a republic? I think not. Whenever I read these attacks on the Royal Family in the contemporary press I feel inclined to go to my library and take out an old volume of *Punch*. A hundred years ago *Punch* was printing caricatures of Queen Victoria which make anything that appears today seem like soft soap. If Victoria had been a private citizen she could have sued the proprietors for holding her up to ridicule and contempt.

One cartoon in particular lingers in my memory. It shows Britannia as a seaside landlady standing on the steps of a boarding-house called Balmoral. She is refusing admission to a bedraggled Victoria and a seedy Albert on the grounds that they have far too large a family. The Royal children, portrayed as street urchins, cling pathetically to the railings, longing to be let inside. But Britannia had had enough. They can take themselves elsewhere.

That sort of thing makes the academic strictures of *The Isis* seem comparatively innocuous. At the same time there is a perennially topical tang to the old tag . . . "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."



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SATURDAY NIGHT

Portugal: A Dictatorship That is Necessary

by Donald Gordon

IF PORTUGAL were a Toronto high school, Antonio de Oliveira Salazar would probably win awards for competent administration making good use of rather limited resources.

In fact, even in his real role as dictator — acknowledging the full apparatus of intimidation needed to maintain his power — there's a persuasive case to justify the aging Dr. Salazar and his donnish regime.

Government apologists use three basic arguments. First, they point to the chaos that existed in the 1920s when Salazar came to power, and claim that a strong man was needed to bring a return to sanity. Then they cite the steady, methodical improvement of Portugal's finances and facilities during the last 30 years as proof that the strong man has ruled wisely and well. And finally, they turn to the men available as champions of liberty and seek to establish that they are either incompetent or even more ruthless than the present rulers.

Certainly, on their first point, there's a wide measure of agreement. In the period of republican government between 1911 and 1926, Portugal had no fewer than 43 different administrations. During the 16 years, there were 20 serious public riots and, as indecision and violence took its toll, the nation fell into bankruptcy.

The young Salazar, possessor of a budding reputation as an economist at Coimbra University and some very definite ideas on how theory should be applied to the Portuguese situation, was accepted as a natural to lead the country out of the wilderness.

Even at that he had to be coaxed. Twice, in 1921 and 1926, he quit the government rather than give way on the policies he deemed necessary for survival. And, in 1928, when General Antonio Oscar de Fragoso Carmona, the surviving general of the 1926 military coup, finally persuaded Salazar to take office, he only accepted when guaranteed a completely free hand to organize finances for the nation.

In his first public statement, Salazar warned his countrymen bluntly that his ministry would "tax everything that it is possible to tax — but the phase of lightening burdens will come very quickly." And within a year he actually had Portugal's budget balanced for the first time since the monarchy was abolished.

With his program of rigorous economy in government spending (his own salary at that time was cut to about \$135 a month, even now is less than \$1,000 a month), and the careful application of orthodox economics to the planning of future schemes, Salazar managed by 1932 to liquidate all foreign debts, stop the spiral of domestic inflation and establish the escudo as one of Europe's few hard currencies (at the height of the depression).

What was more natural, then, in 1933, than a popular plebiscite to approve a new constitution making Salazar and his colleagues the absolute rulers? His policies had ended the fiscal chaos, the army and police behind him stamped out the violence and unrest. Democracy had failed to work in

status of a figurehead) appointed the Prime Minister (Salazar) who in turn appointed a cabinet not responsible to the Parliament. It meant that with the two posts, Prime Minister and Minister of Finance, Salazar was in fact dictator of Portugal, legally empowered to rule by decree.

And rule he did. While still insisting on balancing the nation's books each year, Salazar embarked on a comprehensive program aimed at providing more widespread education, improved health facilities, housing, a mild form of social security, up-to-date roads and railways, urban and rural electrification and the promotion of industry.

The results? Illiteracy has been reduced from an estimated 61 per cent of the population to less than 30 per cent with a program that has included more than 10,000 new primary schools and an increase in the basic annual school population of more than 450,000. Reflecting varied health measures such as the construction of 156 new hospitals, nursing homes and sanatoria and the implementation of widespread vaccination, anti-malaria, anti-diphtheria and anti-tuberculosis campaigns, the nation's death rate has been reduced by close to 50 per cent, infant mortality has been reduced from 164 per 1,000 to 84 per 1,000. Portugal is still far from world leadership in health (it has, in fact, the worst record in Europe), but the situation now, compared with 30 years ago, is vastly improved.

Similarly, 10,000 new houses built with government aid have helped meet some of the nation's shortage of accommodation; 5,000 miles of roads and close to 1,000 miles of railway lines have opened up the country for development and the Salazar-sponsored schemes for agriculture and fisheries have resulted in sixfold increases in the production of rice, a tripling of olive oil output, doubling of the potato harvest, a 50 per cent increase in cork tonnage and a 300 per cent increase in fish landings (despite a reduction of 23,000 in the number of active fishermen).

Indeed, on virtually all of the statistics, Salazar supporters can make a good case. Considering Portugal's relative overpopulation and cruel shortage of natural resources, they can claim that a good job has been done. Even the London *Economist* concedes that "Portugal continues to be one of the



Salazar: 30 years of stable rule.

Portugal during its 16 years, now it was to be the turn of a new system.

For the new constitution, Salazar (by then Prime Minister) concocted the idea of a "unitary and corporate state" based on the "Rerum Novarum" of Pope Leo XIII and the "Quadragesimo Anno" of Pius XI. Like Mussolini's Fascist order, parties and factions such as those that bedevilled the republic were abolished. Trade unions and strikes were outlawed. Parliament was muted — to consist of a political assembly popularly elected to represent national unity, and a corporate assembly to reconcile the conflicting claims of capital and labor, producers and consumers, trades and professions.

Under this constitution, approved by a huge majority, the President (General Carmona, by then reduced to the

best administered countries in Europe."

Mind you, this doesn't imply perfection. With all that Salazar has achieved, the country still has the highest illiteracy rate in Europe; an infant mortality rate greater than that of Singapore, Ceylon or Japan; deep-rooted disease including leprosy, trachoma, smallpox, malaria and tuberculosis, and a chronic problem of unemployment. Each year about 45,000 persons — about half of the natural increase — emigrate because conditions offer little hope for the measurable future.

Even the government admits that basically it has only managed to hold the line, to forestall any further drop in general living standards without doing much to remove the harsh inequalities between the few rich and many poor, or to implement the social amenities that the rest of Europe now takes for granted.

And there's been a stiff political price tag attached to the benefits both at home and in the colonies.

Salazar believes implicitly that opposition cannot be tolerated. In one of his rare interviews, he told a reporter: "In England, rival political parties fight an election on a number of specific points. In Portugal, the opposition threatens to destroy government itself and our whole way of life. It is not simply a question of making them a concession here and a concession there — that would never satisfy them."

And so, he has had to build up a police state apparatus to crush opposition. Despite the fact that his fellow countrymen are conceded to be politically apathetic, seldom inclined to chafe under a feeling of tyranny, Salazar's National Union has to be backed by a police force of 100,000 men plus additional thousands of paid and volunteer informers who percolate through the whole fabric of the community. The PIDE (Polica Internacional da Defensa do Estado) comprise the elite of this corps, trained during the last war by Martin Borman, the Hitler deputy, and known for their mastery of the more effective means of political persuasion.

Officially, the government says only 60 persons are in jail in the country for political offences at the moment. But it's charged by opponents of the regime that prison "farms" are maintained for several thousand others in the Cape Verde Islands and Angola, and that three prisons in the vicinity of Lisbon cater to a constant stream of "unreliables". They are said to be picked up daily and subjected to up to a week of mild intimidation and occasionally torture (a favored method is to make the detainee stand under bright lights until he collapses) as a reminder of the perils of protest.

That's where the third arm of argument comes in. If you do object to the methods considered necessary to keep the lid on in Portugal, who is available to offer some alternatives?

Only three groups offer any appreciable opposition now. The Communists — far less numerous and powerful than blandly unrealistic government spokesmen claim — are probably the best organized. But for quietly devout Catholic Portugal they haven't a hope of gaining sufficient popular support to form a government.

The second wing — the well-to-do outsiders such as the now exiled General Delgado — is essentially a relatively wealthy but disenchanted element that merely wants to change the names at the top without changing the system. And the third batch, made up largely of a coalition of working class and lower echelon intellectuals, is only organized outside of the country ("Frankly, we don't even think of these people," commented one of the more honest of the government aides. "When it comes down to any action, they always turn out to be far too well rooted in their new countries to be willing to do much besides writing pamphlets").

In the African colonies, of course, the situation is radically different. There, the general appeal of African nationalism faced with elements of fierce 19th century administrative repression (an especially persistent story tells of one protest being quelled by the expedient of dropping the dozen principal African leaders out the door of an aircraft flying at 18,000 feet), is resulting in bitter and growing opposition on a wide scale. Violent revolt in Africa is just a question of time.

But in Portugal itself, none of those arguments really appears to apply right now. Salazar commented on the last election in Portugal (in which Delgado got about 25 per cent of the vote despite an all-out government campaign against him) in these terms: "Many people voted against my government simply because they wanted a change. They wished to pursue a new path, even though they did not know in which direction it led."

And to the 71-year-old Dr. Salazar, perhaps with considerable justification, that kind of aimless wish doesn't seem enough of a reason to end 30 years of stable government.

And he adds the answer to the other big question: what happens after Salazar? "The wellbeing of my country depends upon stability of its institutions rather than on the personality of its leaders."

For Portugal, says Salazar, these institutions imply dictatorship.

Ottawa Letter

by Raymond Rodgers

The Pro-Cons and Pro-Canadians

A FAIR BET is that two major points will be discussed behind the scenes at the March 16-18 Annual General Meeting of the Progressive Conservative Association:

- Have the Pro-Cons gone too far against the Americans?
- Have they gone far enough in acknowledging our French-Canadians?

There seem to be three groups of people in Canada: English-Canadians whose job-ties and sentiments lead to a hankering for the American connection; English-Canadians with an economic and emotional stake in Canadian independence; and the French-Canadians who necessarily stand for national (and provincial) autonomy. The two distinct questions now posed to the Pro-Cons is "How much pro-Canadian?" and "How much pro-Canadien?"

The current session of Parliament has shown that a Canadian prime minister can always reach into the back-bench closet and pull out a member to help him sweep aside some of the American influences constantly pressing on this country. The Progressive-Conservative member for Vancouver-South, Ernest Broome, has had three private member's bills on the order paper, all of which would serve to strengthen Canadian control over the Canadian economy:

- Bill C-4: An Act to provide for a Canadian Preference in Government Construction, Purchase and Service Contracts.
- Bill C-16: An Act to amend the Companies Act (Financial Statements).
- Bill C-26: An Act respecting Company Directors (Directors' Qualifications). This Bill would require all companies to be managed by a majority of directors who are either Canadians or Canadian residents.

Of these three bills, the second, regarding disclosures, appealed to the Cabinet too, although the Government's own bill on this topic goes much further than MP Ernest Broome's. The Government Bill will require foreign-owned corporations to reveal their financial structure, including profits and the number of shares held by Cana-

dians. So-called "international" labor unions will also have to reveal the names and nationality of officials and the manner of election as well as the amount of dues sent out of the country and for what purposes.

In picking up this theme, the Prime Minister took only a slight gamble. His party is based to a surprising extent on rural ridings. Rural folk have no great love for foreign corporate slickers nor for the unions.

Nevertheless, a gamble exists: there is a lot of anti-protectionist sentiment amongst the wheat farmers and many MPs, such as those backing the Aurora Pipe Line bill, are only too happy to serve American interests. These elements are fretting about the various "pro-Canadian" moves of the Government in recent months — disclosures legislation, trade with Cuba, a tightening of the tariff regulations, etc. — and they will voice their displeasure increasingly in coming weeks.

The Government's disclosures legislation was brought in with unexpected haste in February. It coincided with the visit to Ottawa of a group of U.S. legislators. The timing may have been designed to impress them with the fact that Canada means business. But it backfired to some extent. The American visitors left a number of their Canadian counterparts perturbed by Canada's recent actions.

The French-Canadians are also perturbed; they wonder whether Mr. Diefenbaker is really serious about them. It is true that Quebec's representation in the Cabinet was strengthened last October, the biggest man in the contingent being Transport Minister Leon Balcer. Observers tend to under-estimate him because he is somewhat soft-spoken in question time. They seem to think there should be at least one French-Canadian George Hees. This ignores the fact that there can only be two Jokers in a pack of cards and the pack already has George Hees and Bill Hamilton.

There is serious evidence, however, that Diefenbaker's French-Canadian members, particularly back-benchers

like Louis-Joseph Pigeon (strategically located behind the Liberal front-benchers, to the repeatedly-stated displeasure of Lionel Chevrier) are stronger on noise than they are on fruitful contribution.

The French-Canadian back-benchers have spent most of their time this Session (and more time than usual) on such questions as the use of our two official languages on government signboards and checks. Mr. Diefenbaker does not try to discourage this — he has more sense. On the other hand, he knows it raises the whole question of the nature of future Canada — a highly touchy question indeed.

French-Canada is avowedly aiming at a thoroughly bilingual and bicultural federation. Taken to its ultimate conclusion, this would mean the use of French on an equal basis in all federal institutions (such as airports and post-offices) across the country. Bilingualism should not disturb sensible English Canadians. Unfortunately, as Mr. Diefenbaker knows, biculturalism does.

This is not to suggest that English-Canadians reject French culture *en masse*. But culture, to a French-Canadian, includes religion, and that is what disturbs the non-Catholic elements of this country. It certainly disturbs the Protestant MPs, though they will not be caught saying so in public. This is especially so since North American Catholicism is a much more extreme variety than that found in France. Even the Pope has had cause recently to warn against "certain excessive forms of Marian devotion" — which forms seem to be the North American Catholic's equivalent of Momism.

Some understanding of these fears seems to underlie Mr. Diefenbaker's unwillingness to emphasise his French connections. Politically, however, it would be dangerous for him to take this too far. If he can hold French-Canada (with Quebec voting for him as a balance to the provincial Liberals) he will win the next election. Needless to say, French-Canadian Pro-Cons will be stressing this to him at the Pro-Canadian meeting in March.

The Conscience of the Rich

by J. D. Morton

AS I POINTED OUT in my last article, the trouble with law is that it appears to work. A result is always arrived at, and by reason of the reliance upon precedent, this result is usually consistent with other results obtained in the past. Law is institutionalised as if there could be law without lawyers and citizens.

Roscoe Pound has noted that this impersonalization of law is well suited to Puritan societies such as ours. The Puritan, with his fierce individualism, does not want to be judged by his fellows. Confident in his own ability to distinguish good from evil, he is reluctant to submit to be judged by any human agency.

Attempts to involve supernatural powers in the legal process historically have proved unsuccessful. Trial by ordeal, whether by holding a red-hot poker, swallowing bread or being ducked in water, was dropped from the legal process when the Church withdrew its approval of these attempts at supernatural trial in 1215. However, even the Puritan had to concede that there must be some judging if men were to live peacefully together. The only solution was to accord to law itself a personality; to think and act as if disputes were settled by LAW and not by people. The Puritan could rest easy with the thought that he had played his part in the creation of law and that, should he find himself in trouble, he would be judged by this institution and not by mere men.

This may be a useful psychological device for securing respect for law. It has, however, its very decided drawbacks. Over-respect for, and complete reliance upon, an institution may shut off the critical faculties with respect to it. The "if the law says so, that's an end to the matter" approach may well pre-sage disaster. Without disrespect, it may be possible to cite the attitude of Pontius Pilate in this regard. According to the Gospels, it would appear that Pilate acted *legally* when he released Barabbas and not Christ. The law permitted one to be released — it was possible for Pilate to wash his hands over the fate of the other. Similarly, the English Home Secretary may write upon the application for a reprieve from a man condemned to die "The Law must take its course."

In Ontario, within the past two years, two boys below the age of sixteen, were

found guilty of murder. In each case, the convicted boy was sentenced to death and detained in the death cell of a prison although neither the judge nor anyone else had any doubt that the sentence would be commuted. This was the only legal course open to the judges and jailers involved. Public outcry at the senseless cruelty of the legal institution has brought a promise of a change in the law. *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum* means "Let justice be done though the heavens fall", not "Let Law be done, whatever the consequences."

The good citizen will respect the law not as "the blind goddess" but as one of the instruments with which he holds together his society. Respect and not reverence, responsibility and not irreverence, will best become him. His attitude to a particular law may not be easily settled.

Indeed, the relationship between money and the law will give him food for thought.

At common law, money has been the traditional remedy for all evil. In a primitive society, the blood feud represented a major threat to development and English law-makers early arrived at a solution to the pernicious system whereby one death might be multiplied into the deaths of whole families. Instead of revenge, they substituted compensation. If a man wronged you he must pay the price, or else. Indeed, the first written English laws are in the form of a tariff which set out the sum to be paid for the loss of a citizen's limb or property. No true distinction was made between punishment and compensation and the criminal law as we know it did not exist apart from the law of civil liability or tort.

That separation came slowly, until today we have an almost complete split. Criminal law is the instrument by which the State attempts to prevent and punish certain wrongs: the civil law of tort may be availed of by those who seek compensation for an injury done them by another. The general basis of civil liability is that if you injure another unlawfully you must make good his loss. On the face of it, this might be called a good law. It is in keeping with the sense of fairness of the community. It is true that blood-feuds are unlikely to arise as a result of an automobile accident in the twentieth century — most citizens being content to leave the

punishment of a criminal driver to the criminal law. Nonetheless, the feeling is strong that the person who caused the injury should make good the loss. This has become what I would call an institutionalised law.

Take a simple example. A drives his car so recklessly that he collides with a car owned by B. B's car is damaged to the extent of \$2,000. A is liable to be charged and convicted of an offence under criminal law. B, the innocent victim, remains to be compensated for the damage to his car.

Under the present institutionalised law, he may sue A for damages for negligence. Will he be compensated? On these facts he will succeed in an action for damages.

This is as far as the institution can be said to extend at the moment. It does not consider the possibility that A may have no money to pay any damages and that A may have no public liability insurance. Nor does it consider the probability that even if he is solvent and insured, another thousand dollars' worth of lawyers' and insurance adjusters' time and effort will have been expended before the wrecked car reaches the repair shop. The creation of an Unsatisfied Judgment Fund or the requirement of compulsory insurance may satisfactorily meet the first defect in the institution, that a judgment is just a scrap of paper unless there is money to satisfy it. The second defect of excessive expense remains.

Change the example slightly. Suppose that B is injured in the collision so severely that he will be unable to work again. Prior to the accident he was employed as a steeplejack with an average income of \$6,000 a year. He is 40 years old, married, with two children. A is employed as a janitor at \$4,000 a year; he is 30 years old, married with four children. Suppose A has no public liability insurance.

Once again, according to the law, B will have a right not to be compensated in any event, but to be compensated by A. If B's loss were to be taken only as medical expenses, loss of earnings and damage to his car, a fair figure would certainly be in excess of \$50,000. But A has no money and no insurance. Suppose that payment of \$10,000 is available from an Unsatisfied Judgment Fund. If B gets judgment for \$50,000, he will actually receive only the \$10,-

... Possibly \$3,000 worth of legal and insurance work will have been expended. Between his liabilities to B and the Unsatisfied Judgment Fund, A now owes \$50,000. Society now has to poor families as a result of the accident. Such an expensive and ineffective principle of compensation by the negligent driver in such cases, can only be retained because of the elevation of "compensation by the wrong-doer" into a legal principle beyond criticism.

The institution has led not merely to ineffective and expensive, but also to absurd results.

In the examples given above, the losses were easily calculated. Earnings and broken fenders are easily reduced into dollars and cents. Suppose B had, and still suffered, considerable pain. Can pain be compensated for in dollars and cents? The institution that prescribes compensation is not easily to be thwarted by niceties of calculation. The wise men who framed the laws of King Ethelbert in 600 A.D. no doubt thought that they had some basis for such tariff items as:

"If a shoulder be lamed let compensation be made with 30 shillings."

"If an ear be struck off, let compensation be made with twelve shillings."

Suppose B to have become impotent as a result of the accident. In such case, his wife could be said to have suffered a loss. Is she, too, to be given a right to compensation from A? This very question has been argued in the House of Lords itself, and, indeed, last September I attended a meeting of law teachers in New York at which the question of the wife's rights were solemnly debated. Such is the power of the institution that in neither tribunal did anyone enquire as to how a wife *could* be compensated for such a loss.

There have been a number of recent Ontario cases where aggrieved husbands have recovered large sums of money in damages from defendants guilty of criminal conversation with the plaintiffs' respective wives. Criminal conversation is a legal euphemism for sexual intercourse. It is hard to find the basis for a tariff item here.

A very recent English case applies this institution of compensation in what may well be its fullest glory.

A young woman was injured and lost consciousness in a traffic accident. Nine hundred and eighty-five days later, *while still in a coma*, she recovered fifteen thousand pounds as compensation for loss of amenities of life.

Does the law, or LAW, need to be so ludicrous in its application as this? I can't think so.



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Mason Wade: "Créature" my foot!

Canadian Dualism—a solid book—sets out to investigate the present state of co-existence between English and French-speaking Canada—a subject which has had some lively contributions made for it in letters to this magazine just recently. But a collection of articles like this, half of them written in 1955 and the others in 1956 or 1957, has two strikes against it to begin with.

Since the articles have already influenced the climate of opinion and the course of research, they risk repeating what has already been read and accepted. Because they discuss the problems they consider from different angles and, to some extent, from irreconcilable points of view, they cannot possibly arrive at any clearcut conclusion or leave any very definite impression on the mind.

It is not that they are contradictory—they are not contradictory enough. They appear to start to meet head on in argument, and then skid by each other. The intention was to have fair shares of French and English work, but since three of the French-Canadian authors chose to offer their work in English, the weight is on the English side.

Having entered these caveats, let us say that the book contains an enormous quantity of information, and that it is



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French neighbor, and explains how he got that way. Jean Falardeau gives the French-Canadian converse, and adds a hopeful prediction for the future.

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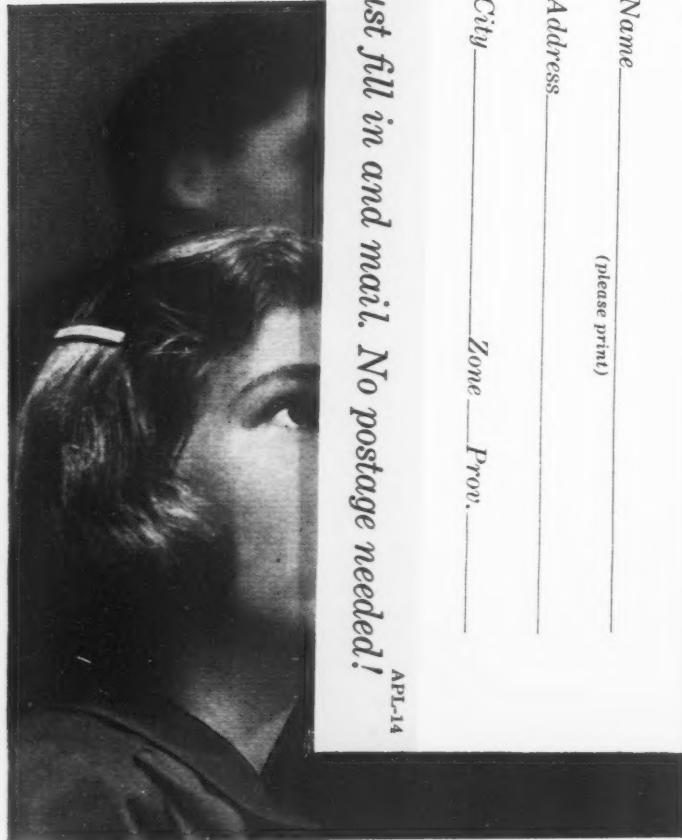
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SATURDAY NIGHT

Books

by Miriam Chapin



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Having entered these caveats, let us say that the book contains an enormous quantity of information, and that it is

Divided We Stand

valuable to have it brought together and preserved in hard covers, even though \$8.50 is a pretty high price. George Ferguson of the *Montreal Star* presents an entertaining and very accurate, though kindly, picture of the English Canadian's attitude to his French neighbor, and explains how he got that way. Jean Falardeau gives the French-Canadian converse, and adds a hopeful prediction for the future.

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emancipated from domestic concern as the English-speaking career woman."

But the fact is that the French-Canadian woman who gets herself a job or sets up a business of her own, as she does more and more, behaves very much like her English Canadian colleague. Consider the French-speaking lawyers and doctors, the journalists such as Judith Jasmin, Jeanne Sauvé, Pierrette de Champigny, Solange Chatput-Rolland, or the actress-manager Yvette Brindemour, or the lecturer-psychologist Thérèse Gouin-Decarie, or the many, many women who form their own committee in the Chambre de Commerce.

There are hundreds of such career women, and they are no more and no less emancipated from the kitchen than English ones. *Créature my foot!*

Canadian Dualism, edited by Mason Wade—University of Toronto Press.

La Dualité canadienne, Ouvrage réalisé par Mason Wade—Presses Universitaires Laval—\$8.50.

Sweet, Sweet, Sweet

FOR THOSE who dislike twentieth century mass culture and the uncertainties of the hydrogen bomb age, there are two kinds of literary antidote. At one extreme there is the unshaven and often unintelligible revolt of the beatniks and at the other the nostalgic descriptions of past and altogether more solid ages.

Just such a retreat from the present is Elizabeth Goudge's *The Dean's Watch*. It is set in an English cathedral town which, even by 1870, seems to have been wholly unaffected by the Industrial Revolution and it describes the last days of Dean Ayscough, a churchman-schoolmaster whose stern faith seems to have been common to so many Victorian headmasters. However, in the shadow of death he reveals unexpectedly human qualities in his relations with some of the town's more humble people and thereby brings some comfort into their harsh lives..

First published as a serial in a woman's magazine, this book bears unmistakable traces of its origin in the lengthy, sickly sweet, descriptive passages about the quaint old streets, the towering cathedral, the moods of the surrounding fen country and the secure muffins - for - tea atmosphere of the town. Although this may enhance its appeal to the readers of women's magazines, many will find the sugary sentimentality altogether too indigestible.

R.T.C.W.

The Deans' Watch, by Elizabeth Goudge
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The Real Canada

IN THESE DAYS when a good many Canadians seem to be feeling discontented with their country for one reason or another, it is pleasant to come across a book that proclaims Canada's greatness and asserts that this is Canada's hour, the time for it to assume leadership. Even though one cannot entirely accept the optimism which permeates *Canada's Hour* by Léon Boussard [he dismisses foreign ownership of Canadian resources as a matter of little moment and in one caption avers that there is no race prejudice in Canada], one finds it cheering. There can be only agreement and applause for the resentment which the author displays toward those benighted travellers who still see Canada as a land of peasants trudging on snow-shoes, of ice-flows and befeathered Indians.

The text of the book gives a brief summary of history and economics, and serves as preface to a hundred and forty-six photographs, which bear out wonderfully his thesis that it is time Canada must appreciate its abilities and assume leadership. Instead of concentrating on scenery, they show Canadians at work, and give, better than any collection this reviewer has ever seen, a feeling of people living, earning their living, enjoying their work and play. Real people!

The book is the second of a series projected by Leméac, *Images De Mon Pays*, to celebrate Canada's centenary. It is published in separate editions in French and English. Captions are in both languages. Mr. Boussard is a Frenchman, an official of the International Civil Aviation Organization. He spends at least half of each year in Montreal or wandering about Canada, and has obviously fallen in love with the country. This is his tribute.

His French version is fluid and poetic. The English one is a bit lifeless; it is to be noted regretfully that one does not say in English such things as "He vended newspapers." So choose the French version if you read French at all. In any case the pictures, from many sources, are magnificent.

M.C.

Canada's Hour, by Leon Boussard —
Les Editions Leméac, Montreal —
\$7.50.

Not Fierce Enough

IN HIS NEW book, *The Fiercest Heart*, Stuart Cloete tells the simple story of a group of Boers trekking from Cape Town to find a Paradise of freedom in the north. With the Bible as their only law, imagining themselves a chosen



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by J. Robert Coulter, B.A., Headmaster

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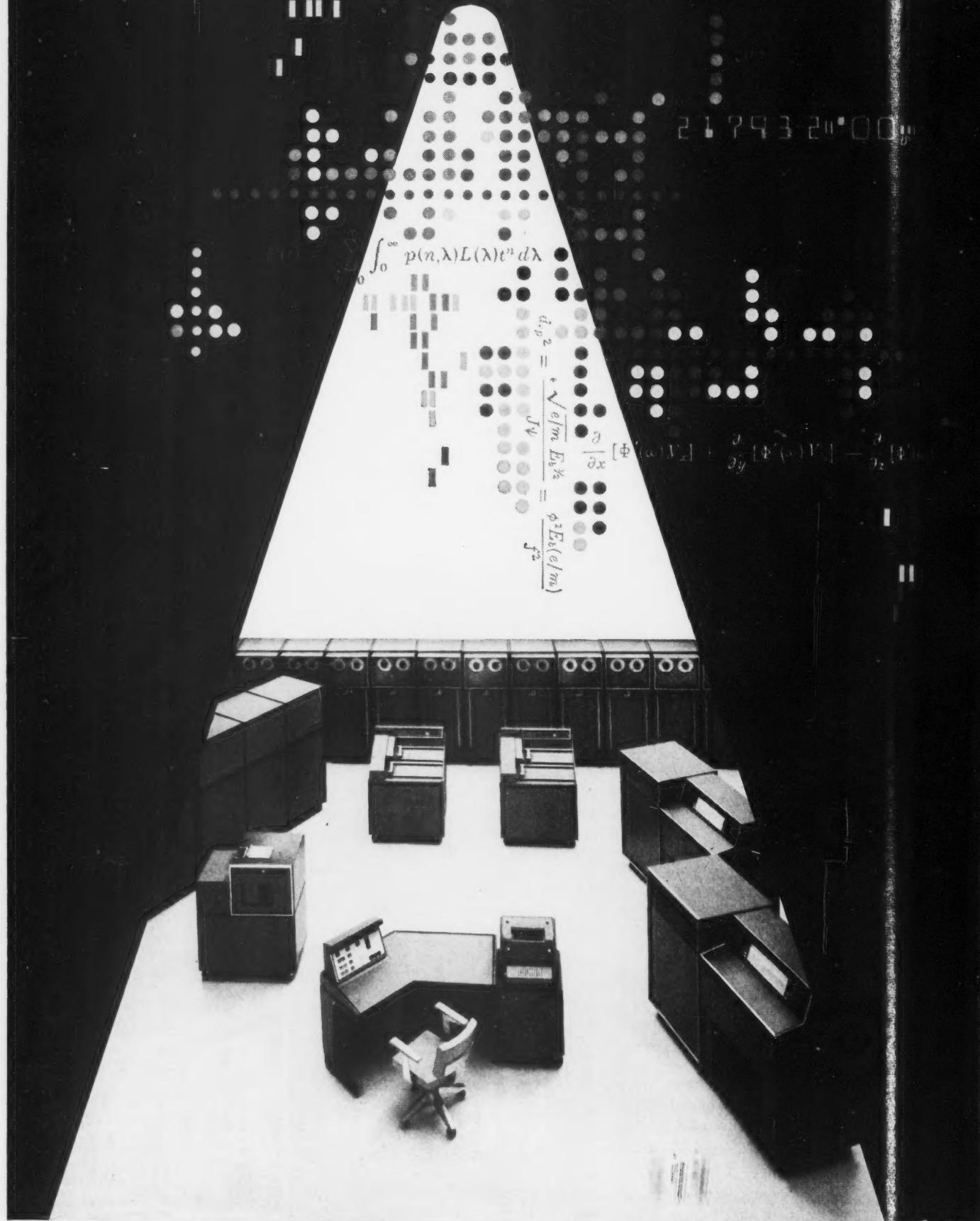
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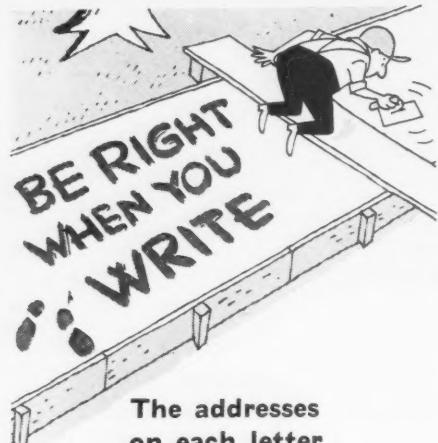
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But it's a lively book, shot through with some very delicate description of the African veld, and, although it doesn't quite prove that the fiercest hearts triumph over meaningful odds, it is surprising, funny, and sometimes quite moving. M.S.

The Fiercest Heart, by Stuart Cloete — Thomas Allen — \$4.95.

The "U's in Paris

IN HER LATEST novel Nancy Mitford has shifted her characters from their home ground in Oxford and London and set them in Paris. Alfred Wincham, former professor of pastoral theology, is appointed British Ambassador in the French capital, and presently he and his wife Fanny are joined by a familiar group of friends, relatives, and odd acquaintances, without a non-U among them.

The situations and relationships that result take on, before long, the hilarious incongruities of a game of Consequences, played by number of volatile country-house guests of impeccable unconventionality. They are a fanciful lot and they lose nothing of their native eccentricity by the transfer to foreign soil. It's a little as though Miss Mitford had emptied one goldfish bowl into another without disturbing the occupants or even allowing them to be aware of the change.

The plot complications that develop as a result are as widely farcical as anything devised by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse.

There are no easy chuckles in *Don't Tell Alfred*, but there are any number of sudden shrieks. The Paris background is created with a great deal of knowledge and affection, but the author's general approach, like that of her characters, remains brilliantly insular. M.L.R.

Don't Tell Alfred, by Nancy Mitford—*Hamish Hamilton*—\$3.50.

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Arts, Education, Books,
Current Events . . .

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SATURDAY NIGHT



Curtis as surgeon in Canadian Navy: Neither interesting nor comprehensible.

Films

by Mary Lowrey Ross

Various Misfits

THE HERO of *The Great Impostor* is that Walter Mitty-in-action, Ferdinand Waldo de Mara, the famous character who keeps turning up in the press in one distinguished form or another and then getting himself publicly unfrocked. Thus the producer has set himself the rather tricky task of supplying the screen-biography of someone who appears to be not so much a person as an embodiment, who fits happily into any frame he dreams up for himself, and drifts about, between impersonations, as nebulous as ectoplasm.

According to reports, de Mara's motives are invariably virtuous, however fraudulent his methods. He simply wants to do good to his fellow-men, but insists on doing it without benefit of diploma or paper-work, an attitude equally baffling to the police, the psychologists and, apparently, his screen-writer. The latter, after wrestling briefly with the hero's boyhood complexities, seems to have arrived at his own formula for the de Mara phenomenon, which works out roughly as 98 per cent Dr. Jekyll to 2 per cent Mr. Hyde. This makes for any amount of sentiment and, in moments of discomfiture, any number of easy laughs. It also makes a pretty tedious picture.

On the record, Ferdinand de Mara

actually did serve as a novitiate under assumed credentials in a Trappist monastery. Quitting this, but still forging cheerfully ahead, he then turned up successively as a prison warden and expert criminologist, a surgeon in the Canadian Navy, a teacher of science, and finally, this time in his own person, as a guest on the Jack Paar show. He has since vanished into the limbo he appears to occupy while brooding up his next sortie on the professions.

As a prison warden he seems to have been both enlightened and humane, and his record is equally impressive in the other fields he managed to invade. With little education, he turned himself into a successful teacher of science, simply by keeping a page ahead of his pupils. As a naval surgeon he was able, thanks to a five foot shelf of medical reference, to perform any number of spectacular operations, largely by keeping a page ahead of the patient. He appears to be a complex, brilliantly unbalanced man, a sentimental and an opportunist, and a wonderfully cool hand in the special emergencies he enjoys creating for himself. Unfortunately, no such obvious analysis appears to have entered the curly head of Tony Curtis who plays the great impostor here, and

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whose impersonations, alternately winsome and antic, would hardly have got him past the preliminary board of examiners. It is perhaps too much to ask that the screen should make its central figure comprehensible; but it might at least have made him interesting.

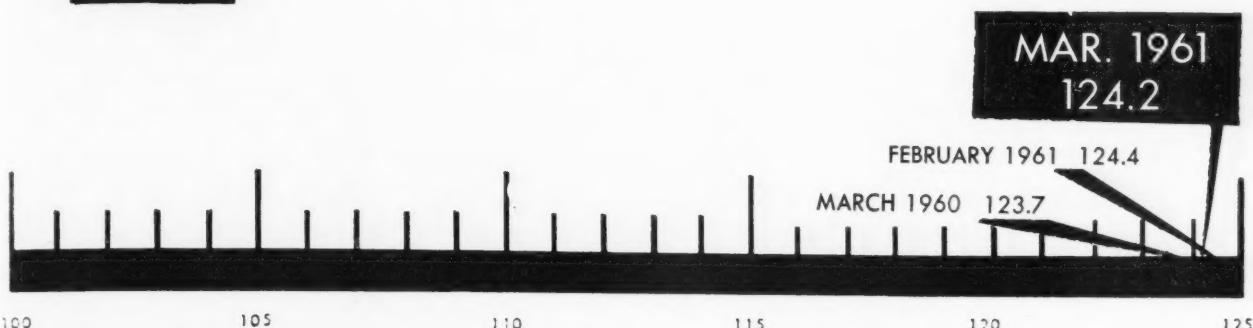
Misfits, Arthur Miller's first screen-play, is so crowded with current reference that it may very well seem more interesting as a documentation than as a screen-drama. Certainly it provides a remarkable argument for that much-criticized group, the screen-stars who simply play themselves.

It was, of course, an accepted tradition that Clark Gable should play himself, and Gable wisely never attempted to go much beyond an interpretation that had delighted moviegoers for a generation. As he grew older he merely adjusted himself to a part that grew older along with him. Role and actor remained contemporaries and this was satisfactory to everyone, if only because the gigantic scale of screen figures demands a corresponding degree of "presence", a quality always at his command.

In *Misfits* Marilyn Monroe also plays herself — unmistakably, since Dramatist Miller has heavily underscored any amount of biographical material. Star Monroe has collaborated with a kind of child-like self-revelation that gains rather than loses by its lack of any over-acting. The candor and intensity of her performance in this film may very well blur out the popular Marilyn Monroe legend and restore her to something very like herself. There is hardly a trace here of the mannerisms that have, up till now, made her the most imitable actress on the screen.

The Western background was probably selected by Arthur Miller as representing the so-called classic form. It is questionable, however, whether the classic form justifies the use of quite so much top-lofty dialogue as Dramatist Miller employs here. Western characters traditionally run to action rather than garrulity, and are generally averse to discussions of life, death and God. As it is, the brooding dialogue explodes only occasionally into action, most notably in the all-but-final sequence, with the rounding up of half a dozen wild mustangs destined for shipment to a dog-meat factory. Horrifying in its brutality, this one shattering sequence manages to sum up just about everything Arthur Miller has to say about men and women, their deplorable inhumanity and their redeeming humanity.

The cast includes Eli Wallach, Montgomery Clift and Thelma Ritter, all sound performers without a misfit among them.



Indicator Table	Unit	Latest Month	Previous Month	Year Ago
Index of Industrial Production (Seasonally Adjusted)	► 1949 = 100	166.0	166.7	169.5
Index of Manufacturing Production (Seasonally Adjusted)	► 1949 = 100	147.7	148.3	151.2
Retail Trade	► \$ millions	1,382	1,395	1,322
Total Labor Income (Seasonally Adjusted)	► \$ millions	1,545	1,542	1,500
Consumer Price Index	► 1949 = 100	129.2	129.6	127.5
Wholesale Price Index of Industrial Raw Material	► 1935-39 = 100	236.6	235.2	243.2
Manufacturer's Inventories, Held and Owned	► \$ millions	4,441	4,448	4,460
New Orders in Manufacturing	► \$ millions	1,909	1,986	1,910
Steel Ingots Production	► '000 tons	452	349	563
Cheques Cashed, 52 Centres	► \$ millions	24,069	23,457	22,622
Total Construction Awards (Hugh C. MacLean Building Reports)	► \$ millions	167	179	215
Hours Worked in Manufacturing	► per week	40.6	40.7	40.9
Index of Common Stock Prices	► 1936-39 = 100	276.6	260.2	259.2
Imports	► \$ millions	432.0	514.9	440.4
Exports	► \$ millions	441.4	475.7	483.8

Most latest figures are preliminary ones.

WHAT YOU SEE AHEAD for the economy depends on which way you look. True, only a fool can see prosperity now but non-fools can get bullish thrills or bearish chills depending on which statistics they read. Each one to his own indicators is fine as long as we don't make gods of those indicators.

Unemployment continues to provide the chief reason for pessimistic thinking—and rightly so. Though the total has grown in numbers there actually was a small percentage decline in the seasonally adjusted figures, but very small. The jobless total is reflected in the failure of manufacturing industry to move ahead with shipments and new orders on a broad front.

Some changes do appear to be in the making now which may improve the overall situation. Steel production these last weeks has been moving up, there is a very good possibility that we have the birth of a trend. And oil production—by government decree—is increasing.

Lumber production in 1960 was a few per cent in volume ahead of 1959 and the industry expects a better increase this year.

It anticipates that house construction will jump some 20 per cent in starts this year over 1960. In that year starts were 108,858 dwelling units. The 1959 total was 141,345. Thus the drop in starts last year was some 30 per cent compared to the previous year but the drop in starts in the tag end quarters was only 17 per cent. If you compare December's alone it looks like a small increase chalked up by 1960. According to MacLean's Building Reports, residential contracts this year are above those of the corresponding months of 1960. Lumbermen expect the number of 1961 starts to reach 130,000.

If you want more hopeful facts, take a few good looks at our external merchandise trade. Last year the import surplus was \$100 million, which is the smallest one we have had since the early 1950's. Our total trade hit \$10.9 billion, being up 2.3 per cent from 1959. Exports for the year were \$5.4 billion, some five per cent ahead of the previous year's total; imports amounted to \$5.5 billion, a mite under the 1959 figure. All in all, a good improvement.

Other things happened with our external trade as well. The proportion (in dollar

value) going to the U.S. fell to 56.3 per cent from the 61.9 per cent of 1959, a considerable drop. The U.K. took 17.1 per cent, well above the 15.4 per cent of 1959. Other commonwealth lands moved up to 6.2 per cent from a previous 5.4 per cent. All remaining countries absorbed 20.4 per cent of our goods compared to 17.3 per cent a year previously. Thus, while in 1959 the U.S. imported almost four times as much as did all other non-commonwealth lands, last year she took less than three times as much. On the import side there were no real changes in percentages by areas of origin.

We must concede to the pessimists the fact that in the last quarter of 1960 exports fell off, though imports remained steady. A trend? Too early to say.

If you go by old standards our economy is not acting too badly. Unfortunately the country has grown so the old standards are no longer good—and the world itself has changed challengingly in the past ten years. We are failing to measure up to the changes both nationally and internationally.

—by Maurice Hecht

(Saturday Night's Business Index is a compilation of statistical factors bearing, generally, on Canada's gross national product. It is designed to reflect pace of economic activity. The base 100 is drawn from 1955 data.)

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This is used to hold the circle
position. Any other method of fix-
ing might cause stress in the metal &
thus promote inaccuracies.

Talking about engines reminds
me that Thomas Cooke,
inventive genius, built a six
road carriage in 1866 which
was driven from York to Hull
when road restrictions
would have converted the
horses to a river launch!

Final adjustments to
a microscope.

is chart is collimating a Geodetic Tautstock Theodolite as used in the Ordnance Survey Primary Triangulation of Great Britain. Its horizontal circle reads to half a second of arc — which is about half the width of a single railway track measured

over 188 miles



The Forth Bridge in Scotland was "lined up" by one of Cooke's "first order" theodolites

Did you know that Cooke's produces a series of theodolites for Scott's Antarctic expedition, & that one of them actually located the South Pole?

and the Forth Road Bridge is being built by the aid of a Tautstock theodolite.



SPIDERS AND PRECISION.

It is refreshing to think that in this day & age the spider's web is still used for marking the fine sighting lines on optical instruments. Believe it or not I have seen them here in the lab, actually split a single strand of this little fellow's web into four!! He is, "Epeorus diademata", and was formerly imported from South America, until they found he also lived in Yorkshire! (Personally, I'd like you to know the spider's name.)

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"Precision engineering" is a phrase which can be applied to any product of the Vickers Group. It is graphically illustrated in these drawings made by Terence Cuneo at Cooke, Troughton and Simms. Instruments made here, like the many other products of the Vickers Group, are widely used all over the world.



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Recommended Stocks

Would you kindly repeat your listing of 15 recommended stocks? What advice would you give to a young school teacher (42 years of age) with approximately \$2,000 to invest annually? — H.O., Belleville.

We took advantage of the low stock prices of a few months ago to review the list of 15 best stock bets which first appeared in the fall of 1957. Since that review there have been some nice individual advances in these selections, notably in International Nickel, but the broad price pattern has not changed sufficiently to warrant another full-dress review at this time.

Two conspicuous buying opportunities remaining in the group are Bell Telephone and Imperial Oil, the first-mentioned for income, the latter for possible gain.

With your life and earning-power expectancy, investment in common stocks with a view to participating in the long-term growth of the economy is indicated. This is a good way to recover some of your living expenses.

Besides Bell and Imperial Oil, you could consider Simpsons, Dominion Stores, Bank of Nova Scotia, Crown Trust and other organizations based on serving the masses. A flavor of speculation on resources could be added by Hudson Bay M. & S., Noranda Mines, Cons. Mining & Smelting or McIntyre Mines, all blue-chip dividend payers.

The foregoing issues are mainly selling at high prices in relation to earnings but if you "dollar average" (invest the same number of dollars each year regardless of the level of the market) you should own a stake in the economy at relatively attractive prices.

The growth of your capital can be accelerated by reinvestment of dividends. If you keep this up for 12 or 15 years you should have reason to be pleased; otherwise economic forecasters are on the wrong track.

Cochenour Willans

Is Cochenour Willans worth \$4 a share? — B. M., Vancouver.

Cochenour's price is high in relation to earnings (20 cents a share estimated for 1960). Some investors would shun

the company because of its failure to report ore reserves. Others would take comfort in the indications on existing levels of sufficient ore to support the operation for some years.

The bulls would also point to the nature of occurrences at the mine which makes ore reserves difficult to calculate. And the clincher for them would probably be in the fact that after 21 years of production no ore has yet been drawn from below the 1,425 level, indicated as the best in the mine.

Besides the depth chances, something has to be allowed for the possibilities of adjoining claims which Cochenour has under development.

The market price incorporates considerable expectancy. Should this be substantiated, the price may appear not to have been high. Should it not be substantiated, some disappointed shareholders could be expected to sell.

Dome Mines

A well-known New York firm of investment analysts has issued a pessimistic survey on Dome Mines. Could you explain its attitudes and perhaps enlarge on it? — C.H., Calgary.

The survey says Dome shares are not suitable for accounts seeking to enhance capital values over the coming three to five years. In this period, it points out, Dome must look to operations such as Dome Petroleum and Mattagami Lake to accelerate its earnings and dividends, and both are heavily circumscribed by exploration charges.

If these two can develop to the dividend-paying stage by the mid-sixties, Dome's earnings should reach \$1.15 a share and dividends of 80 cents a share (current rate is 70 cents) would be justified, the survey says. It predicts that such results would merit a market price of \$18 per share.

Every one is entitled to his opinion in the stock market and, indeed, without adverse opinion it would be impossible for the bulls to acquire stock. Nonetheless, the New York survey seems to be guilty of attempting to oversimplify mining investment since it allows nothing for the possibility of further ore discoveries at Dome's Porcupine gold mine and its subsidiary mining properties.

Should such ore disclosures not materialize, Dome could decline in price. But this decline could be cushioned by purchases on the downtrend by U.S. investors with whom the stock has been a perennial favorite for participating in Canadian resource development.

General Steel Wares

The weakness in General Steel Wares is hard to hard to reconcile with the general strength in the market. Is there any reasonable explanation? — G.W., Halifax.

The market seldom moves uniformly. Business is considerably cyclical and different companies are prominent at various stages of the circle. The more rapid tempo of the economy which the recent stock market has been discounting has not yet taken in the appliance industry, in which General Steel Wares is engaged.

The year 1960 was a difficult one for the industry and GSW earnings will probably be down sharply from 1959's net of \$720,546 (\$1.08 a share). A net loss after write-offs may even be shown.

Financial position has been affected by heavy depreciation allowances and non-recurring expenditures in connection with recognition and expansion programs. The Feb. 15 dividend on the common was passed. The common paid 10 cents a share quarterly since 1954, has been on a dividend basis ever since.

On the bright side, GSW is driving to win export markets, has obtained licenses to make three U.S. products in Canada, has bought one Canadian household-products company, purchased manufacturing facilities of another.

There is, however, little prospect of early resumption in dividends. This restricts buying of the common to bargain hunters who are prepared to forego income in the hope of capital appreciation over the longer term.

Imperial Oil

Would Imperial Oil be the best investment in oil stocks? — S.I., Winnipeg.

Some investors would select Imperial Oil because it is the largest company in the industry. Owned 70% by Standard Oil of New Jersey, Imperial holds 20% plus of the country's crude-oil and 5% of natural-gas reserves. It produces 15% of the oil, and refines and markets 40% of the products consumed. Holdings of 25 million acres include some of the most attractive spreads in western Canada.

Over the past five years, its relative position in production, refining and

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marketing has suffered as a result of its concentration on exploration and production and the proration of Alberta production. Gradually improving allowables are, however, planned for the more prolific fields, and an increasing share of capital expenditures is being funneled into marketing facilities.

Earnings gained in 1960 in spite of a decline in crude production, being estimated at \$2-\$2.20 a share versus \$1.73 in 1959 and 1957's peak of \$2.29. Net for Jan.-Sept. was \$1.48 against \$1.20 in the like 1959 period. Along with 30 cents regular dividend, Imperial in the fourth quarter of 1960 declared 15 cents extra. Not since 1941 have dividends fallen below the previous year, and the extra will probably be repeated in 1961.

Rio Algom

Is Rio Algom, which is a continuation of the old Pronto stock and selling around \$9 a share, likely to go much higher during the year? — H. R., Toronto.

Rio Algom is in the depressed uranium industry. An increase in its market value could require an improvement in uranium prospects, a departure into some profitable outside ventures, or a

general increase in stock values.

Uranium prospects may continue dubious for an indefinite period, and the company's luck in outside ventures or the chance of a general increase in stock values is anyone's guess. It is possible for the stock to sell at unrealistic levels through the floating supply being reduced as a result of almost half the outstanding stock being held by a single shareholder.

Pine Point Lead-Zinc

How will the Pine Point lead-zinc development be financed? — A. H., Vancouver.

Discussion of financing Pine Point development is premature considering the lack of transportation to this far northern property, which the government is expected ultimately to provide. It is, however, thought that the \$40 million estimated as required to bring the mine to production and to extend the Cons. Smelters Trail metal-making plants to handle the concentrates can be raised in Canada if not generated by excess earnings of Smelters, controller of the Pine Point company.

The question really is not one of financing but when lead and zinc markets will expand sufficiently to absorb

Pine Point output. Smelters has had to cut its lead production back 20% because of marketing conditions.

Laura Secord

A few years ago you recommended Laura Secord at a price which was the equivalent of a little better than half the present price, considering the stock has since been subdivided two for one. Do you recommend a purchase or sale now? — O.F., Ottawa.

Laura Secord is now selling at about 20 times its 1960 fiscal year earnings (82 cents a share). This was a record. The growth pattern taken in conjunction with the dividend of 70 cents a share and the fact that there are no senior securities, leaving all earnings available for the common, has earned for the stock a high degree of investor preference.

Apart from the projected "normal" growth, the market is paying attention to the possibility of earnings being increased as a result of a new-type shop. This is a combined baked goods-candy shop, one unit of which has been under test for several months with a gratifying reception by the public. If successful, its widespread adoption could

The Eighty-Ninth Annual Financial Statement

The Economical Mutual Insurance Company

Head Office — Kitchener, Ontario

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1960

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
Bonds and Debentures at book value	\$ 8,093,106.16
Preferred and Common Stocks, book value	3,596,993.39
Cash on hand and in banks	746,503.20
Interest and Dividends due and accrued	104,618.33
Agents' Balances written on or after October 1, 1960	1,207,489.97
Amount due from reinsurance	436,981.50
First Mortgages on Real Estate	414,377.24
Book Value of Real Estate owned	597,151.82
Book Value of Real Estate under agreement of sale	14,038.46
All other assets	45,583.32
	\$15,256,843.39
Provision for unpaid claims	\$ 2,489,664.16
Reserve for unearned premiums	4,873,481.92
Amount due for reinsurance	406,178.40
Reserve and unpaid claims under unlicensed reinsurance	14,716.04
Taxes due and accrued	179,007.97
Investment Reserve	800,000.00
All other liabilities	237,247.05
	\$ 9,000,295.54
Surplus for protection of Policyholders	6,256,547.85
	\$15,256,843.39

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W. W. FOOT, General Manager

lower unit costs by increased sales volume per retail outlet.

This is an age of rapid changes in merchandising. Whether the new Laura Secord unit is a forerunner of eventual similar operation of all stores is not as important as the management's ability to recognize the opportunity for change, and to keep in step with the times.

The company was founded on an idea of selling a high-class product in surroundings which would promote sales. Undoubtedly its success has been helped by the fact that it sold only one product, or type of product. This classification is broad enough to include baked goods without any departure from the management advantages which the specialized venture affords.

Galt Malleable

What's your opinion of Galt Malleable Iron? — J.K., Sherbrooke, N.S.

Galt Malleable is a low-priced speculation on the profitability of operations in a ferrous and nonferrous-metal fabricating shop in Western Ontario. Common stock is said to have sold at a dollar, and debt securities to be offered at a substantial discount from par.

In Brief

What is production of Barnat Mines? — M.H., Windsor.

Has been averaging 1,500 tons daily with 100 tons daily to be added in March, another 250 tons later in year.

Why did Ventures absorb Frobisher assets? — K.F., Regina.

Since it already controlled Frobisher, the absorption was to simplify Ventures corporate setup.

How does American Leduc stand with regard to Cuban holdings? — B.D., Kitchener.

Has yet to determine effect of Castro's new petroleum laws.

What is the outlook for Rayrock? — J.M., Kingston.

For aggressive exploration; strong financially.

Is the Silver Standard iron property on Queen Charlotte Islands operating? — P.F., Edmonton.

Under examination by Granby Mining Co.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

NOTICE OF 308th DIVIDEND

A quarterly dividend of fifty-five cents per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of April, 1961 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 9th day of March, 1961.

Montreal,
Feb. 22,
1961

S. C. SCADDING,
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Point of View

Concerning Automobile Accidents

by D. G. Dainton

THE APPALLING automobile accident rate in this country could be drastically reduced if, for a start, all beat-up jalopies were taken off the roads, and at the same time people were denied the right to sell and buy cheap fourth, fifth or nth-hand models.

In stating the case in this way there is no desire to discriminate against lower income groups as such but simply to put forward a suggestion to reduce accidents.

A person buys the car he can afford. This does not mean that everyone can

for in driving — care, observance of the rules of the road and consideration for others. In short, he never assumes that he is in the right without question.

It is contended that he behaves as he does because of the financial value of the car, and this opinion is supported by traffic officials. The man has a thoroughly responsible outlook which is exemplified by the car he drives.

Now consider the case of a youngster or a person in a low-income group. He has no position of responsibility, either in a job or in the community.

and his group he becomes rash. He drives recklessly, devil-may-care, flouting the highway code, and expecting everyone, motorists and pedestrians, to give him right of way at all times. Everything he does when driving leads to accidents, and he has them.

There is only one way to stop him, and thus to prevent the accidents he causes, and that is to bar him from driving a cheap car. There is proof positive that such things as driving permits (or suspensions of them) and insurance do not deter him. But if he could not afford to buy a car at all he could not be the cause of accidents. He might drive his father's but he would be compelled to behave in a more responsible manner.

Two questions, possible protests, arise from the foregoing. Is it fair to discriminate against youngsters and those in the low-income group on a financial basis? Why not, if a definite aim, beneficial to all, is the object? We don't allow banks to be robbed simply because a person has no money.

The second question is: what about used-car dealers? They would go out of business! Would that be such an awful thing where human lives are concerned? We haven't kept horse-harness makers in business on the same level as in the past because a lot of people were once employed in the trade. In any case, used-car dealers would not be put completely out of business because good second-hand models would still be sold.

There is also the point that by reducing the number of used cars sold the making and selling of new ones would be stimulated — and new cars induce responsibility in their drivers.

It may well be that we have made a grave mistake in thinking that to drive a car is anything but a privilege. Certainly the irresponsible driver does not think his permission to drive is anything but a right. Society has made other mistakes and been forced to take a second look; and the present accident rate surely springs from a mistake. It can't be right to kill and maim people so freely.



Removal of beat-up jalopies from roads would cut automobile death rate.

afford the car they buy — but that is another matter. It does mean that a youngster, or an older person earning an average or less-than-average wage, does not buy a good new used car. He buys a \$100 contraption with a wheel at each corner. And it must not be forgotten that a great many accidents are caused by young drivers.

Consider first the man who can afford a \$5,000 car. It represents an investment and is representative of something else. It marks him not only as a man of substance but also as a responsible citizen with standing in both the business world and the social community.

Does such a man drive his car not caring if he has an accident? He does not. He buys a \$5,000 car because of his status and he treats it with care because he respects the dollar value.

The responsibility that such a man displays comprises the attributes called

This might not be his own fault but, nevertheless, it is a fact of our society. He feels responsibility only to himself and to his group, all of which are without standing of importance.

Indeed, it is his responsibility to this group, with its strict observance of some pretty odd rules, that dictates that he shall have a car, and he buys, because he cannot afford anything else, a heap.

Behind the wheel he tends to do nothing to preserve his possession. It is not an investment but simply a mechanical convenience which he knows will fall apart sooner or later. Pride of possession — and it is not implied there is none — is not in the vehicle but in himself: he is proud of himself because he has a car.

Being responsible only to himself

ANSWER TO PUZZLER

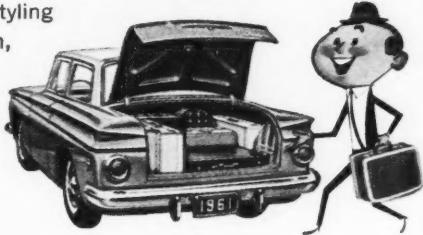
BILL WAS FOR \$34.68.



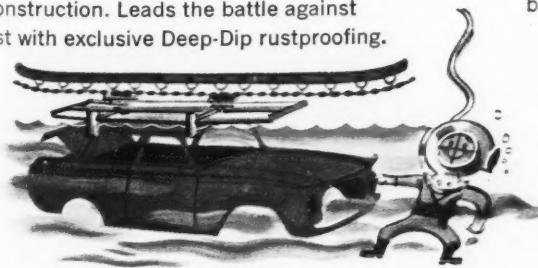
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—LE SABRE 4-Door Sedan

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